The Wisconsin Magazine

Nov. Dec., 1924

HARDY STEEHOLM, *Editor*

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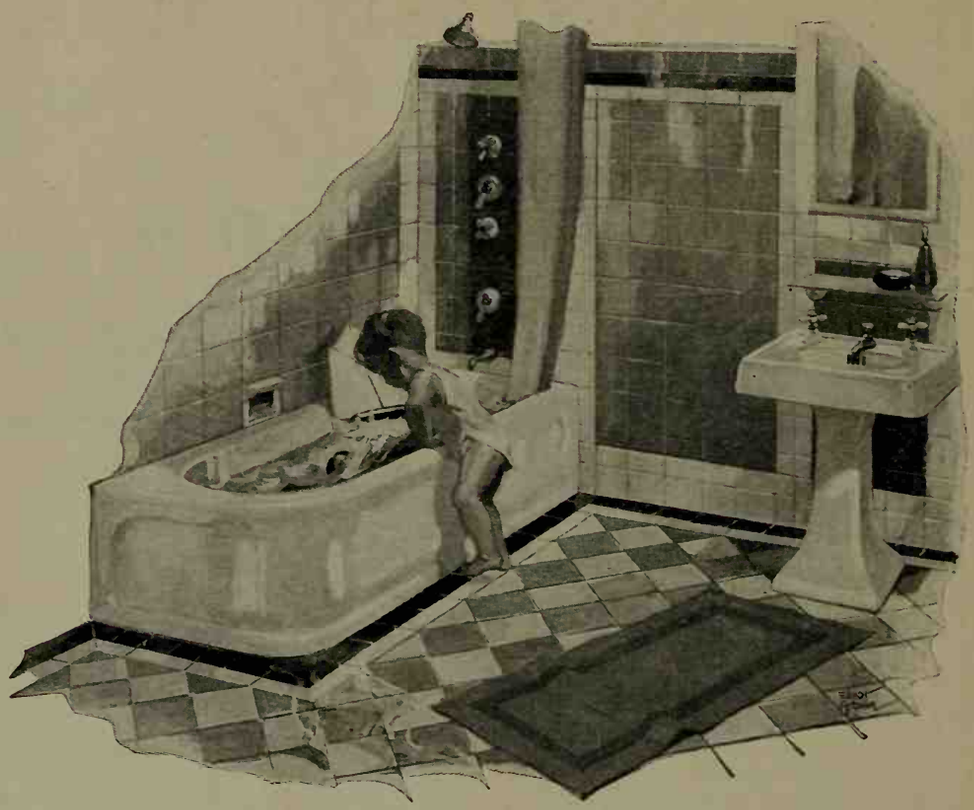

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The Wisconsin Magazine
"Know Your Own State"
Nov. Dec., 1924

The Greatest Swordsman in America

By Elizabeth Stephens Carson

THAT Colonel Thomas Stephens was the finest swordsman in the United States was the unanimous verdict of those who had seen him in action, either at drill or in actual combat.

The story of how this handsome soldier, born in England, came to be appointed Colonel in the Second Wisconsin Regiment during the Civil War and Inspector General for Wisconsin, is an interesting one.

The setting of the first chapter in the life of this romantic character was in England, in a little mining camp located near London, in the early part of the last century. Here one day young Thomas, assisted by one of his playmates, was indulging in imitating the Royal Guards in combat. They did not know that a little distance away some English officers were enjoying the sight and commenting on the skill of the young warriors. These officers immediately saw in Thomas the making of a military man, admiring his natural ability and splendid physique. The soldiers, ever on the alert for material out of which to mould future defenders of their country, drew closer to the boys and opened a conversation. The boys, of course, felt highly honored, not dreaming of what was behind the pleasantries of the officers.

Shortly after arrangements were made for Thomas to enter training for a military career, and he was placed in a military academy near London. After several years of schooling and military training, during which time Thomas advanced rapidly, he began to gain an enviable reputation as a swordsman, a reputation that spread throughout England and finally reached the attention of Queen Victoria, who selected him as one of her bodyguards.

Thomas enjoyed his position and highly appreciated the kindness and courtesy of the young queen, but at this period he began to be attracted by the stories which were circulating about the new country across the water, rumors of enormous unexplored wealth and a freedom of personal conduct which naturally appealed to a young man of Thomas' temperament. This was the land of promise; the country that would not be ruled by monarchy; where silver and gold lay glittering in the sunlight; where nature had spread the richest and largest blanket of soil; the country whose boundaries were so vast that the entire kingdom of Great Britan would be lost in her great domain. It is not to be wondered at that the young guardsman became restless and discontented. America! America! The call came louder and louder. Finally Thomas requested of the Queen that she release him from her service.

Colonel Thomas Stephens.

Queen Victoria parted unwillingly with her favorite guardsman, her "Little Tom", as she delighted to call him. "Little Tom" then stood six feet two inches and weighed two hundred pounds. At last, having secured a substitute, Thomas bade farewell to Buckingham Palace, to the horse which he had learned to love, to his splendid uniform, and to the noble queen.

It was a bright September morning in 1848 when Thomas boarded the steamer at Liverpool, and after what apparently must have been a rather uneventful voyage, he reached his new country.

From the first he loved America, and quickly swore his allegiance.

During the first two years he taught military tactics in Philadelphia, gaining the mastery of such celebrated swordsmen as Professor Newton of Norwich University and W. H. Davis, Military Instructor of Virginia. French, German, and Polish experts were alike disarmed by him. General Scott and Professor Wayne of West point recommended his system for use at West Point and the United States Army.

He became an instructor at West Point, where his tactics are still in use. In 1859 he published a book on broad and small sword exercises, which was accepted and endorsed by the best military authorities and used as a textbook in military schools throughout the United States. He was constantly in receipt of encomiums and testimonials from his military admirers, among them letters from Governor Porter of Pennsylvania and from General Johnson, the reputed slayer of the famous Indian chieftain Tecumseh.

While in New York city attending an officers' convention, Stephens incurred the enmity of a French officer, also a magnificent swordsman, who challenged him to a duel. Having challenged the world in his book on swordsmanship, Colonel Stephens accepted the challenge.

A few minutes after the duel had begun, the colonel demonstrated his superiority by cutting a button from his opponent's shirt. Still game, though greatly outskilled, the Frenchman refused to surrender, and a few minutes later, rather than take his opponents life, Colonel Stephens cut his opponent's sword.

The French officer, apparently a good loser, gave a dinner at the Astor hotel, inviting a number of officers, at which dinner Colonel Stephens was the guest of honor. The host carved the turkey with a carving knife made from the broken sword, and in a toast declared that had Colonel Stephens been in his power there would have been no turkey to carve.

By wise investments in California gold mines in 1851 and also in western lands, Colonel Stephens amassed a small fortune. With position, wealth, and a beautiful wife,

The staff of General Washburn's 2nd Wisconsin in Cavalry, Colonel Stephens Seated at the Extreme Left.

Colonel Stephens decided to throw his lot with some friends who had preceded him to Dodgeville, Wisconsin, in search of ore, southwestern Wisconsin having for some time been a valuable lead country.

Stephens built a beautiful home in Dodgeville, expecting to enjoy the quiet and comfort of home life. He took great delight in hunting and fishing and it was not an uncommon sight to see him walk in with a water pail filled with sparkling brook trout or a bag filled with pheasants, quail, and prairie chicken.

But this happy, carefree life was not to continue uninterrupted. Colonel Stephens was among the first to enlist in the federal army in the civil war. He was appointed Inspector General, also Colonel of the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry, being recommended by C. C. Washburn to Governor Randall, then governor of Wisconsin. The 2nd Wisconsin was soon called into active service.

During the siege of Vicksburg the Colonel's horse was shot and he was thrown to the ground. Had it not been for the protection of the dead body of his horse, he would have been trampled to death by the confederate soldiers. A kind-hearted Southern woman who had entered the field soon after the battle in the hope of giving assistance to some of her Southern friends, stumbled by mere chance upon the body of Colonel Stephens, lying in a state of unconsciousness. She administered aid to him. Upon regaining consciousness, the colonel recognized the embarrassing position it might place her in to have given aid to a Northern soldier, and he begged her to leave him to the mercy of others while she aided her friends. But Caroline's kind heart could not be persuaded. She managed to get him to her home and concealed him from Southern authorities until he recovered sufficiently to return to his regiment, where he was received with great rejoicing as one risen from the dead. Ever ready to face danger and to protect his regiment, he won the respect and admiration of his regiment.

At the close of the war the regiment presented him with a silver and gold ornamented sword as a token of their love and esteem. This sword is now in the possession of Colonel Stephen's son.

At Jackson, Mississippi, the Colonel's horse was captured by a confederate while the Colonel was at mess. The young colored boy who was in charge of the horse was almost broken-hearted. The horse was finally recaptured, much to the delight of both the Colonel and the boy. At the close of war Colonel Stephens bought the horse from the government. The colored boy begged to be taken to the Colonel's home, asserting that the Colonel and his horse meant more to him than all the rest of the world, and Colonel Stephens finally granted his request and took him along to Dodgeville.

In the years following the war Colonel Stephens made every effort to regain his health. With that object in view he took an ocean trip to England in 1869, where he was received with great honor at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace and the House of Parliament. All this was very interesting, but the paramount object of his visit was in vain. The seeds of disease sown while he was fighting for his adopted country rapidly undermined his constitution and he died in 1871, at the comparatively early age of 58 years.

A life size portrait of Colonel Stephens now hangs in the State Historical Library at Madison.

THE NAME WISCONSIN.

HOW the state came to be named Wisconsin and to be dubbed the "Badger State" forms a tale quite the opposite from what is generally supposed to be the case.

Historians have generally agreed that Wisconsin derived its name from its principal river. The old Indian word for it is supposed to have been "Wees-kon-san", a word meaning "the gathering of the watier, the French novelist and critis, being that near the present city of Portage.

The spellings of the word were as various as the authors who used them. There was in 1777 a Sauk chief at Sauk City, on the Wisconsin River, who is spoken of by T. Gautierfi the French novelist and critic, as "Sisikonsin, chief of the village". Since Gautier later speaks of the "Portage of the Sisikonsin", he seems to refer to the name of the chief and the river as being identical. There is a record also that Cruzat, the Spanish governor at St. Louis, presented a medal to this chief, whom he called "Houisionsin." On a map by Joliet dated 1673-1674, the river bears the name "Riviere Misconsing." The work which emerged from the French jurisdiction in this territory was "Ouisconsin." This in time was anglicized to "Wiskonsan," then "Wisconsan," and finally "Wisconsin" by the early American settlers.

As to the state being dubbed the "Badger State", this was not due to the fact that multitudes of badgers inhabited the hills and plains as is generally believed. In the early lead-mining days in Southwestern Wisconsin, the miners from Southern Illinois and farther south returned home every winter and came back to the diggings in the spring, thus imitating the migrations of the fish popularly called the "sucker" in the Rock, Illinois, and other south flowing rivers of the region. For this reason, the south-winterers were jocosely called "Suckers", and Illinois became known as the "Sucker State". On the other hand, lead-miners from the eastern states were unable to return home every winter, and at first lived in rude dugouts, burrowing into the hillside after the fashion of the badger. These men were the first permanent settlers in the mines north of the Illinois line, and thus Wisconsin in later days became known as the "Badger State".

The Only Commercial Engineer In The World

How David Humphrey Foster Created a Job And Chose His Own Classification in The Business World.

By May L. Bauchle

WHEN David Humphrey Foster, Commercial Engineer and healer of business ills was a lad, his father kept a retail store on the "Main Street" of a small Wisconsin town. It was "Hump's" duty to open the store of a morning before he went to school and to dust the counters and desk, after, as he was admonished, he had swept the floor. When this was finished he took his broom to the sidewalk, his attention divided between the possibility of finding a nickle or a dime between the wooden planks, and the appearance of a possible customer. One morning the elder Foster came in just as the broom was being restored to its daily resting place.

"Well, son, how is business this morning?"

"Fine, father. Mrs. Field wanted some *en*-vel-opes, Julia Grey came for en-*vel*-opes, and Mrs. Jones over at the Hotel bought a bunch of *on*-vel-opes."

"And what did you sell them?" the father laughingly inquired.

"Just what they asked for of course, *en*-vel-opes, en-*vel*-opes and *on*-vel-opes" and "Hump" hurried away to school. That was the morning the idea was born which shaped his life and made him the only one of his kind today.

"Some day I will show people how to manage their stores so the customers will be satisfied". He smiled as he thought of the *en*-vel-opes, the en-*vel*-opes and the *on*-vel-opes.

"Wasn't it fun?" he said to himself.

That he must also include in his play pleasure for the proprietor did not occur to him until many years later. When he had finished school and decided the time had come to give his youthful ambition a chance to grow he did the only logical thing, opened a retail store of which he himself was proprietor. Unlike the usual run of retail merchant this young adventurer took nothing for granted. Everything had a reason for being thus and so and he was not satisfied until he had unearthed that reason. Often when the solution was found it was so unsatisfying to his ideals of retailing that he spent days or rather nights evolving a different method. Nothing escaped him. Every transaction, however small, was grist for his mill. For nine years he stood behind the counter catering to the Mrs. Fields and the Julia Greys of his town. Then the opening came. So successful was his business that someone else wanted it worse than he did. He sold and realized that at last he was ready to test his theories and by the result his years of preparation should stand or fall.

David Humphrey, a Wisconsin Man Who Has Made Good in a Unique Profession by Alwnys Giving More htan he Promised.

It was Holiday time. Going to the manager of a Department Store in the greatest retail district of the Middle West, he explained his plan and offered his services. Here he worked in every department from gloves to groceries, from delivery to complaints. There was no Luck in his catalog, there was only Work. For three years he read and studied constantly, spending weeks in different stores, analyzing conditions, causes and effects, successes and failures. The field was wide and it was all his own.

Before Mr. Foster could execute his plan, men and women had to be convinced that their business needed attention. Many were loth to acknowledge this. Most of them were

in the deepest kind of ruts, the hold-fast kind, furrowed by ancestry and custom. Their bookkeeping systems were even more ancient than the venerable employees their fathers had hired and whom they were keeping on a pension, lucky for the clerks but bad for the business. The spirit of the age had stirred these store keepers at times but it gently fell asleep before they made any change.

"Their viewpoint was wrong", the investigator declares vehemently, "they knew what they wanted to do, planned to do it and then when they did not succeed were either discouraged or failed to grasp the meaning of the outcome".

"How did you ever get started?", is the question most often asked of this interesting man, and it is characteristic of him that he not only willingly relates his experiences but seems to have enjoyed the "Downs" of his career fully as much as the "Ups", and they both have been plentiful.

"To begin with", he says, "I borrowed the spirit of my slogan.

DON'T WORRY: SEND FOR MR. FOSTER.

"Don't worry: Send for Mr. Foster", gave me my start but I did not use it long. As soon as I had established my successful right to use the words "Commercial Engineer", I did not play up the slogan so much in my advertising, but it served its purpose. Stenciled in white on a shiny black trunk it became familiarly known throughout the Middle West, making me many customers and more friends. In Hotel lobbies and in Pullman smokers men sought me out, some from curiosity, others because they were business men and needed just the help I was anxious to give".

"What do you carry in that trunk? Medicine?" I was asked many a time. The fact of the matter was the only part the trunk played in my business life was the slogan which it carried upon its sides, unless you include the typewriter which snuggled between my extra suit and over coat. All the medicine I needed for the sick stores I had to carry in my head. No two cases were ever alike and no set of conditions could ever be the same. Human nature is the one big thing in the retail business and of that there are many varieties. No one can tell ahead of time how any one person is going to act or react to certain circumstances".

The wry face with which this was concluded leads one to believe that Commercial Engineering bears some relation to scouting an uncharted sea.

All of the contracts for field work are received by mail, so neither party sees the other until Mr. Foster calls upon his client in his own store on the Monday morning which is to begin the six days of intensive reconstruction. In the hour which the Engineer allows himself for a visit with the proprietor he lets the other fellow do the talking.

"I know what I know", Mr. Foster is wont to remark, "but I don't know what he knows".

It goes without saying that at the end of the hour considerable valuable information has been telepathied from one head to another and is by that time lodged where it will do the most good. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this shrewd student of human nature has fathomed the basic difficulty of that particular store, whether it be jealousy, insubordination of clerks, the usual slack bookkeeping, or the too often just plain thieving. To the man he is studying Mr. Foster applies a mental sliding rule with the same degree of accuracy that he later applies his own patented sliding rule to percentages when he figures markups so quickly that it makes the on-looker dizzy.

This markup question is a big stumbling block in the retail business and one which is universally misunderstood. Few merchants have any standard and are usually unaware that there should be one. The average man falls behind in his results because he does not understand the law of mark-up and shrinkage.

"Such a time as I have", Mr. Foster tells, "to make people see and understand that dried fruits shrink in stock".

"They are dry when I get them", one will argue unaware of the fact that with time they will dry at least another five percent.

"Then the dry goods merchant figures fifty one yard sales from a fifty yard bolt. That this is seldom the actuality I have to prove to him. 'Well, it should', he always tells me, and 'Yes, but it doesn't,' I always reply. Sometimes bolts come forty-nine and a half yards where they should be fifty. Many times they are only forty-nine or even less. The same with sugar. I never yet saw a hundred pound sack of sugar from which one could weigh one hundred one pound sacks. All these things have to be taken into consideration in the markup of goods. The small merchant is always timid in his markups and percentages. He does not understand them and he is afraid of them".

Mr. Foster is a firm believer in the "Perpetual Inventory" system and installs it whenever and wherever he can. It is the only safe way, he says, in retail business. With the bookkeeping of a firm on a standard basis he turns his attention to the human side which is only second on his program because an investigation of the office reveals a fund of information which he will need as he goes along.

Inefficiency in the proprietor always shows in the clerks. First the Employer must be taught salesmanship and as he probably has had no training he has to be shown the antiquity of his ideas. This is usually an easy matter because he is paying a good price to be shown and honestly wishes to profit by the experience. When Mr. Foster has sold himself and his method to the proprietor he is ready to meet the clerks. To these he is introduced separately and to each he gives an individual handshake whether their number be five or five hundred. From this greeting and the few words he has with each one he classifies them in his own mind. Some are aggressive and pushers, some are slack and laggers, some he decides are susceptible to education and others are not, only occasionally does he find one dense or stubborn and rarely one who is at once put into the discard. Each nationality has its own peculiar sense of understanding and this man has met them all. People are not built alike and only by this individual treatment can any degree of success be won.

After meeting all the employees of the establishment, a few quiet hours in the security of a hotel room are given to the solution of the problems of this particular store. If the trouble is between partners or caused by members of the family of one or both, or by the continuance in employ of old family friends then an increditable amount of tact is needed. Long experience has given Mr. Foster this and the intuition necessary for its use. If the difficulty happens to be one which he has already in his classification then the task is easier. His one object is to achieve the greatest efficiency at the least cost. First he must get all the employees in the same mind as the one into which he had just persuasively and suggestively landed the employer. In the employees he arouses a desire for more pay and an interest in the store, then deftly turns their drudgery into a sport. Explaining to them the principal that each salary should produce a certain amount of sales, he teaches them to play the game and play it fair. Sometimes the bait offered is an honor system but more often it is a bonus. These are of various kinds, the most popular one being a standard bonus for the whole store computed upon increased sales in every department.

"This has never been known to fail of results", Mr. Foster declares. "The co-operation of the clerks cannot be demanded", he continues, "It must be won and no way is so sure as through the pay envelope".

During the week spent in the store Mr. Foster talks with as many individuals as he thinks necessary to accomplish his ends, gives half hour talks to groups to whom he feels certain messages will appeal and be

(Continued on page 29)

OUR CAPITAL CITY

By Don E. Mowry

Secretary, Association of Commerce

MADISON gained in population more than fifty per cent during the last decade and has increased at even a greater rate since 1920. The population served by her public utilities is 48,000 permanent residents, and it is roughly estimated that there are from 50,000 to 55,000 people in Madison all the time. When the student population decreases during the summer from 7,800 to 4,000, there is a daily influx of tourists and motorists, seeking the "Land O' Lakes" of Wisconsin, estimated at 1,000 cars daily.

Madison has on the payrolls of her industries between 4,000 and 4,400 people. The estimated value of the products turned out by the manufacturing plants annually is about $16,000,000. Madison industries have been the outgrowth of local enterprises, with few exceptions. Madison stands ready at all times to welcome new industrial enterprises and can find for them building sites, located on or near one or more of the three railroads serving this city, at a very reasonable cost. The city is served by the Chicago and North Western, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Illinois Central railroads. There are nine lines radiating out from the city in all directions.

Madison is considered the halfway point between Chicago and the Twin Cities, is 82 miles west of Milwaukee, and is nearer the center of population in Wisconsin than any other city of any size.

The jobbing interests of Madison have been greatly increased during the last seven years and there are approximately 40 establishments engaged in the jobbing and wholesale business. Lines represented are meat, paper, general store supplies, woodenware, groceries, bakery goods, candy, butter, ice cream, beverages, fruit, auto accessories, tobacco, cigars, drugs agricultural machinery, hardware, and seeds.

One of the chief lines of industrial activity in Madison is that of her dry cell battery business where, in the Burgess Battery and the French Battery and Carbon company's plants, there are at the present time more than 2,200 people employed. These two nationally known battery companies are making flashlights, radio batteries, and commercial batteries, which are being sold all over the world.

In addition to the battery business Madison manufactures turret lathes, periodograph machines, cylinder grinders, internal combustion engines, hospital furniture, shoes, drugs, lubricating devices, rennet extract and cheese color, and packs a great deal of meat for domestic and foreign consumption.

Counting the four lakes around Madison, the city has right at its door the largest recreational area of any city of its size in the world. The parks and pleasure drives are nationally known, and its zoological garden is one of the best in the Middle West.

With these attractions Madison has a considerable amount of property laid out in the suburbs, which is being developed quite rapidly and includes Nakoma, Lakewood, Lake Forest, College Hills, and Shorewood, all of which suburban sections overlook the lakes.

The Open Door.

This may account for the fact that Madison has had the largest building record for home construction of any city its size in the country during the last three years, and is catching up on its building program, which was curtailed during the war and the period directly after the war. In 1922, 636 dwelling units were constructed, 661 in 1923, and 1924 will probably have 672.

Because of the fact that Madison is the home of the University of Wisconsin, the State Historical library, and other libraries with volumes aggregating nearly one million, the city is considered the first city in education in Wisconsin. The University of Wisconsin ranks as one of the leading institutions of the country.

The Madison Vocational school is one of the best equipped in the state. There are over 2,100 people taking full or part-time work in it.

These educational and recreaational advantages may account in large part for the reputation which Madison has as a desirable place in which to live.

The educational facilities have already resulted in a considerable number of technical and professional men residing in Madison, some of whom are employed part of the time in other parts of the country.

Madison has a very healthful climate. It has a very low death rate and the lowest infant mortality rate in the state.

The University of Wisconsin has developed a full medical course, which is resulting in the location here of more clinics and in the very near future Madison is destined to rival Rochester, Minnesota, as a hospital center.

On the whole, your Capitol City offers exceptional opportunities to those seeking a home in an environment of culture and progress.

"I WILL BE HEARD"

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as Truth, and as uncompromising as Justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead.—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

LIVE AND LET LIVE

That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace.—*Henry George.*

The Little White Indian

By Barbara M. Albers

FEW Legends have gone down in print concerning the tribe of Indians which for a half century or more has dwelt in the little Indian Village not far from the shores of the Great Lake.

The tribe, though not large, is rich in history and in Indian lore and adventure. Theirs is the soil Longfellow knew, loved and immortalized. Theirs is the home of the orator and leader Chief Buffalo who for years was the chief of the band. Theirs is the tribe which claims kinship to John Two-Birds, the Great Walker, and to Simon Dakota, who could eat more fish at one meal than any five Indians together.

They were as one large, happy family, sharing one anothers joys and cares. A temperate tribe, too, except when occasionally one of their young men so far forgot himself as to imbibe in the forbidden nectar of the whites, who when passing through the village would try to trade it to the Indians for blankets, moccasins, furs, and other things.

The village lay scattered along one side of the Kakagon River, which a few miles further on empties into Lake Superior. It is a narrow winding stream, placid at all times of the year and a favorite haunt of the ducks and wild geese. In its waters the old men fished, and in the fall the squaws picked cranberries and wild rice from its marshes. Along its banks, after the first frost of autumn, the children gathered hazel nuts to eat during the long hours of winter.

Back of the log homes and tepees of the people, somewhat secluded and sheltered by pines and birch trees, in a large open field stood the pow-wow house of the tribe. It was a round building made of upright poles about four inches in diameter, from which the bark had been peeled. Within and around the walls, cedar benches were placed. In the center were two large poles, with a cross piece from which suspended a huge, black kettle in which soups made from dog, young calves, and bear were favorites on feast days.

This building was their place of worship. Here were held the Medicine Dances, the harvest festivals, and numerous other religious rites of the people. Contentment and peace reigned amongst them and nothing disturbed the quiet routine of their lives.

Late toward the close of a warm hazy day in September, the air seemed suddenly filled with the odor of smoke. The wind, which had been blowing gently all day, grew strong and boisterous. Clouds of dark smoke came nearer and nearer until by sunset the sky was a mass of red, and occasionally huge live cinders would fall sizzling into the water of the river. The sages of the village shook their heads and the children suddenly became quiet as their mothers crooned to them, holding them close in their arms.

Through the long night while the fires in the surrounding forests cast fantastic shapes over the landscape, the young and old men sat smoking their pipes, fragrant with the odor of kinnikinic, while they guarded their homes and their children. Toward morning, as the first streaks of early dawn came into the east, one young Indian jumped to his feet, sniffed the air and uttered one word only "gemuin" which, in the Chippewa tongue means "rain", and within a few minutes large drops began pattering on the dry clay and soon the woods and fields were drenched with the downpour. The deluge lasted but a brief time, but long enough to extinguish the fires which had threatened their village.

The sun came out warm and the old men and their sons sought their blankets and slept late, while their squaws busied themselves getting the breakfast and performing the usual tasks of the day.

Angeline Snowbird, waddling down to the river to get a bucket of water, noticed a small black bundle, or such it appeared, lying on the wet grass by the edge of the water. A faint whimper came from it, and hurrying forward she stooped to examine it. As she did so, two large blue eyes looked up into her kind black ones and a small weak voice begged for water. Not understanding the child, but realizing what it meant, she lifted the bucket to its lips while it drank thirstily.

The child was apparently five or six years old, sturdy and strong, but it was not until months later, when he was able to converse in the Chippewa tongue, that they learned who he was and where he had come from. With his father and mother he had come down Bad River. They had portaged their canoe to the Kakagon and were on a canoe trip for a few days outing. Their home was in the East, a place unknown and unheard of by the Indians. The forest fire had overtaken them and the last the boy remembered of his parents was their calling to him to go on and to keep close to the bank of the river. Their fate was never known, but it was believed by the Indians that they had perished in the fire which had swept all the surrounding forests.

The boy's name was Paul Graham and old Angeline adopted him as her own. He soon learned to speak the language of the tribe as well as any child in it and before long he had forgotten his own language.

His days were spent with the Indian children, with whom he became a great favorite. He could hunt, fish and run with the best of them and the great tragedy which had come so early into his life, while never entirely forgotten, was seldom thought of and was never alluded to by the Indians.

Soon after Paul had been found by old Angeline, a special council of all the tribesmen had been held to determine what should be done with the boy, but there being no white settlement near by they let the matter slide and they made him a member of their tribe.

Time passed, the winter came and went. Occasionally Indians from other tribes, from La Point and Squaw Bay, the old trading posts of Father Marquette, would drift down the Kakagon, fishing and gathering rice and frequently they would stop to rest a few days with the Chippewas.

On one such occasion they brought news that a white settlement was growing up on the banks of the Bad River. This excited the curiosity of the younger members of the tribe, especially, and when Spring came and the ice had left the river, several venturesome youths paddled up the river, left their canoes concealed in the tall grasses, and walking through the forests, came to the clearing on the banks of the Bad River, where the new village had started.

Too timid to enter the little town, they stood like lone wolves and watched the operations from a distance. It was a busy, thriving little place. At one end and close to the river stood a large building above which loomed two tall towering objects which gave forth great puffs of black smoke. These, they were soon to learn, were the smoke stacks of the saw mill which sawed up the huge trees, already hewn from the surrounding forests and which filled the river before it.

This was the first of many similar trips by the young Indians to the new settlement. Soon the older men and even squaws, their curiosity piqued, would paddle up the river to the village. Their fears left them when they found the new settlers friendly, and soon it was a common sight to see them wrapped in their bright shawls, squatting comfortably around the stove in the "company store," smoking their pipes and conversing in low guarded tones among themselves. Frequently old Angeline waddled up the narrow streets of the little town with Paul close at her

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Wisconsin Possesses Greatest Work of World-Famed American Sculptor.

WHAT Lorado Taft, world-famed American sculptor, has proclaimed as perhaps his greatest work, belongs to Wisconsin.

The celebrated artist, whose "Fountain of Time" stands at the west end of the midway in Washington Park, Chicago, whose statue of Black Hawk stands majestically on one of the highest bluffs of Rock River; another of whose sculptural groups is at the south entrance of Chicago's Art Institute; the creator of the famous Thatcher Fountain of Denver, and of numerous other works of signal artistic merit, was retained by Mr. Clarence Shaler of Waupun to carve a monument in commemoration of his wife, who died in 1921.

Although this statue is actually a memorial to Mrs. Shaler, it is also a gift to the city of Waupun. It is located on the Shaler lot in the Waupun cemetery, on a gently sloping hill overlooking the river which winds gently down the valley below it.

The figure typifies the Recording Angel, who has just completed reading the record of a good life and pauses, with eyes closed in contemplation. There is about the face and figure of the angel a wonderful spirituality, a harmony and grace, alike in the sweetness of the face, the poise of the head, and the easy repose of the body.

The bronze has been chemically treated to age the metal, and already contains the gray green tint ordinarily to be found only in ancient bronze. Moreover, it is authoritatively stated that this tint will endure through thousands of years of exposure to all kinds of weather.

The block behind the figure is of polished Massachusetts Quincy granite, gray in color, and so remarkably in harmony with the gray green of the bronze that the figure, viewed at a distance, seems to be submerged in the stone.

The figure weighs 2,500 pounds and is seven feet four inches high, while the granite block weighs sixteen tons and is ten feet high and eight and one-half by six and one-half feet in the base dimensions.

Upon a granite block at the head of her grave nearby is carved the name of Blanche Bancroft Shaler.

JANESVILLE SPELLS HOME

By Stephen Bolles

Editor of the Janesville Daily Gazette

FROM the very beginning Janesville spelled "Home". Before the White Men came to the Rock River valley, Wisconsin had been a place of adventure, a land of men and women seeking wealth from mining in the south eastern corner of the territory; of singing voyageurs and traders, half-breeds and Frenchmen, trappers and hunters, hangers on at the Indian villages; a refuge for men seeking isolation, — but there too were men of vision, who saw a great and glorious future for this peninsula west of Lake Michigan and east of the Mississippi, but who in only a few places had tilled the soil for a living crop or made preparations for permanent settlement.

Wide-reaching prairies, chromatic with blooming flowers, high and rich grass, streams bordered with shade ideal for cattle, bubbling springs and silver lakes; each hilltop presenting a still more beautiful picture than the last; forests close enough and dense enough to furnish wood for fuel and lumber for building, — these called to William Holmes and John Inman, first white men here to spy out the land, and later, to pick up their Ohio home and transplant it in this new, enticing and entrancing world of silence.

Charred brands showed where only three years before Black Hawk and his Indians or more recently wandering Winnebagoes had built their camp fires. The two men, alone in all this silence, with no other human person in the bowl of their horizon, who could pick and choose as they wished, were guided by the gentle rushing of the waters at the shoal below to a giant rock which thrust itself into the river and is there today. There they resolved to build their new home.

So it was that when blooming June had faded into the more gorgeous autumn picture of October, the first settlers came to Janesville and erected a hut at the Monterey rock. They did not come to hunt or to trap. They did not make the journey from Ohio with their plows and house supplies to enter upon another adventure. Beneath their feet was a soil that laughed when tickled and sent out its wealth to be garnered by the willing and the thrifty. In the river was power to drive machinery, to grind grain and to saw the forest into building material. Shale and shelving rock gave them lime and could be hewn for houses. The shale made a brick which placed its indelible finger on all cities of this part of Wisconsin and contributed to the grey and faded yellow in the color scheme in their architecture.

Indiana and Ohio came first. These states had furnished men for the Black Hawk war and as those soldiers had marched with short rations along the trail by the edge of the river from Illinois to Koshkonong they had not failed to notice the goodness of the country. This was the path that Lincoln trod. This was the way of progress and wealth and a home for many thousand people. Here was the ideal site for a busy city. In five years more this surrounding prairie land was the wheat field of the nation.

Janesville had the same history which, with a change of names, might be written for all Southern Wisconsin towns. A few homes, then better ones, a store and a tavern, a postoffice established with some trifling ceremony, covered wagons coming from their long journey east, driven by Yankees mostly, and later by immigrant Scotch and Irish and Germans, a few Scandinavians, who had settlements in the county,— and the village amazingly grew into a city. A steamboat or two at first, then a stage line, bridges taking the place of ferries, unity of both sides of the river, a dam built and mills grinding flour, elevators to care for the wheat which must have a market, and in the early 50's Janesville was the greatest inland wheat market in the United States; and then stores and lawyers and doctors — the raw and finished material of which cities are erected.

Industry followed. A saw mill, brick yard, iron foundry, more flouring mills, a packing house where hogs could be sold and money realized from the fat cattle of the rich pastures close by, and all climaxed with a railroad in 1853.

It will be hard to realize the joy brought by that railroad. It meant no further isolation. The city — for the village had grown to a city — went mad on that 6th day of January, 1853, when John Fox, who died here but a few months ago, proudly sat at the throttle of the smoke-puffing, woodburning, locomotive and came down from Milton with the Milwaukee and Mississippi R. R. passenger train. A big yellow omnibus was the next improvement and it met all trains. Little things tell the story of lands, peoples, cities. The blacksmith of those times remembers most keenly the day when he was able to buy his horeshoe nails in bulk and ceased the toilsome occupation of forging them for himself. That was Progress.

Lines of steel through forest and prairie have made America. The debt we owe to railroads is enormous. There are people still living who were in Janesville when the first railroad stake was set near what is known as the Five Points on West Milwaukee street. This was on August 17, 1849, to mark the station for the railroad which was to be a part of the Chicago and Northwestern from Chicago to Fond du Lac. Janesville the next spring, in 1850, had 3100 people. A year later a crowd of the town's citizens with many other visitors, went to Fond du Lac, to attend the ceremony of digging the first shovelful of earth for the Rock River Valley railroad. This was on July 10, 1851, and A. Hyatt Smith, a mayor of Janesville, and at the time one of its foremost citizens, president of the proposed railroad, delivered the address. You may be sure it was filled with vision of the future. By the time it was completed in November, 1857, to Janesville, it was known as the Rock River Valley Union railroad. It is now a part of the Northwestern system.

The first state institution was established here after the people of

the city had asked the new state legislature in 1849 to locate the School for the Blind in Janesville. It is here today, a splendid monument to state care of its unfortunate and each year makes it possible for handicapped boys and girls to face the world with undaunted spirit.

Schools were an early part of the village life. No one would expect the dominating Yankee of the settlement to go long without his schools. These people from Maine, New Hampshire and New York, with others from the older centers of Ohio and Indiana, could not visualize a home without its near-by schools. All the early reminiscent history of Rock county and in fact for Walworth and others in this section as well contains much concerning the schools of those days and the eager search for education, with attendant hardships of the road to knowledge.

Down the river lived the Willard Family. Joseph Willard, a sound citizen of the county, was second president of the first Wisconsin state fair held in Janesville, in October, 1851. On the highway known as the River Road, in sunbonnet and calico, walked or ran a blithe, playsome, girl to the little country school, in which she was afterward to teach. In the American Hall of Fame you can see the bust of this girl who when grown to womanhood became one of the world's famous leaders — Frances Willard. There still stands the schoolhouse on the banks of the river, in its setting of trees she loved, and the building with which her girlhood days were so closely associated is owned and preserved by the W. C. T. U. of Rock county.

It was in 1849 that a union school was started and its establishment meant more interest in the city as an educational center. Here too was established the first newspaper of this part of the state. It is still in existence as a daily and is the fourth oldest in Wisconsin in continuous publication. The Janesville Gazette(founded by Levi Alden, a New Hampshire Yankee school teacher, and the first telegraph operator in Janesville, has missed but two issues since a curious crowd stood about the corner of Main and Milwaukee streets on August 14, 1845 and saw Alden and his printer, Stoddard, pulling the printed sheets from the hand press. For two weeks in 1846 the roads were so bad that paper could not be hauled up from Chicago. This weekly paper was another evidence that the settlement was solidly established. The newspaper was an adjunct to education which has culminated in a great daily newspaper and is in keeping with the million dollar high school built in 1922, a present glory and a monument to those early settlers who visualized no town or city without the best educational advantages.

These were the beginnings of a great city. In 1860 Janesville was the second city in population in the state and close to the first, Milwaukee, in wealth. It had a great future then. It had the finest hotel in the state. Its burning in 1867 with the tragic death of one of the employees, was a serious blow. In the Civil war it was lacking in nothing that meant patriotic devotion to the Union. It was a four year camp for the recruiting of soldiers. Camp Barstow was the outfitting place for the Third cavalry and Camp Tredway for the 13th regiment of Wisconsin volunteer infantry.

In the decade from 1870 to 1880, there came a change. Wheat, which had made the city, was no longer grown successfully. The newer lands of Minnesota and Nebraska gave more to the acre and farms here grew too valuable to sow with grain producing less and less per acre each year. Hessian fly and chinch bug scourges came and in that period of transition from a grain growing section to a leadership of dairying and diversification of crops, the city failed to keep up the pace with the flying start it had made between 1845 and 1865. Industry came surely but slowly. But the city maintained its reputation far and wide as a trading center and as an advantageous market. Its stores and shops appealed and its theatres and music brought people from distances. Its culture was a matter of note. Its schools called pupils from all the surrounding country. Its merchants were of the kind one knew about in metropolitan centers.

In versatility of manufacture it has ever borne a reputation for high character in a great commercial territory. Here are made cotton goods, batting and thread of highest merit; woolens which find their way all over the world; fences and posts and barbed wire and porch shades and tractors and clothing from Janesville are known wherever the word "quality" is found in the dictionary; toy carts and wagons from Janesville fill department store windows east and west. Janesville plows tore up the soil in 48 states and in many foreign countries. Janesville—made fountain pens aroused today by a cosmopolitan world — by the Malay chief and the African colonial administrator, the Indian notary and the followers of Confucius and Buddha as well as the potentate in fustian who sits in council in Latin and South American countries. A thousand and one tables know Janesville canned vegetables. Here too are the great plants of the Chevrolet automobile and Fisher body companies with a world used product. Janesville beet sugar sweetens many a palate. Streets are paved roads are built, great buildings are erected with mineral aggregates shipped from Janesville. It is estimated that a million dollars worth of this material is sent from the pits here and near-by each year. Some tremendous upheaval in the days when God was making the world deposited these gravel and sand beds close to Janesville.

Churches of all denominations are on every hand. Ward schools are numerous. Clubs both for women and men add to the cultural side and make for unanimity of purpose in city life. Janesville, perhaps stimulated by the fact that a woman, once a resident here, has come into the Hall of Fame, has always been a center for work of women in many fields. The Kiwanis, the Rotary and the Lions clubs each have active programs with definitely defined objectives. The Twilight club furnishes a unique open forum for the discussion of vital topics during the winter months. The Chamber of

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ICELAND THE LAND OF FIRE

Summer Nights of daylight, history, literature, occupation and customs of Iceland

By W. A. May

ICELAND, an island a little smaller than the state of Pennsylvania, and lying just underneath the arctic circle a few degrees west of the British Isles, is not a land of everlasting ice and snow. On the contrary it is a land of fire, a land that owes its very existence to its volcanic condition.

The interior of the island is composed of lofty tablelands, vast expanses of lava fields, sand, and glaciers. From desolate, barren, and rocky lava fields, snow-capped mountains rise high into the air, while on the southern coast of the island Mt. Hekla, the most famous, although not the largest volcano in Iceland, buries its summit in the clouds. Hekla, meaning "mantle," is an appropriate name for this mountain since its summit is usually shrouded in mists.

Near Reykjavik, the capital of the island, are hot springs which come steaming up from the center of the earth. But farther inland, on the lava fields of Thingvallir, crystal pools of blue, cold, clear water lie at the bottom of deep crevasses. A curious tourist throws a bright, shiny penny into a pool, but it takes more than twenty seconds for the penny to reach the bottom. The clearness of the water deceives him as to the depth of the pool, and he goes away leaving the penny shining brightly on the bottom among the many other pennies which were already there.

Yet this land of hot springs and lava fields, of barren waste land and bare rock, has a winter climate milder than Milano in Italy, and a summer temperature cooler than many American cities. In summer, 55 degrees Fahrenheit is the mean temperature, although the thermometer often rises to 85 degrees at noon, and drops to almost the freezing point at night. In winter, the average temperature is from a degree to a degree and a half warmer than that of northern Italy.

It's a Gala Day for the Icelandis Ladies, and They Have Donned their Gay National Costumes.

This temperate climate is caused by the Gulf Stream, which divides into two branches shortly before it reaches England, one branch going to England, while the other one flows around the south and west sides of the island of Iceland.

Iceland was first settled in 879 A. D. by Norse nobles who were dissatisfied with their king, Harald Haarfager, and who braved the hardships of the open sea in their Viking ships in order to emigrate to Iceland. It was the descendants of these nobles who met on the plain of Thingvallir and held a fourteen day open air parliament to make the laws of the land. It was also the descendants of these nobles who set up a republican form of government with a constitution and an elaborate code of laws, a government which lasted until the middle of the thirteenth century and came next to Rome as being the longest lived republic.

After enjoying more than four hundred years of independence, Iceland was annexed to Norway for a little over one hundred years. But after the union with Norway, the Iceland people degenerated into a poor peasant folk who lived on rented land and who cared for nothing except to be able to live by doing as little work as possible, and by paying as few taxes as possible to their foreign landlords.

When Iceland, together with Norway, came under Danish rule, the country was left to itself and entirely disregarded by the Danish kings. During this time Iceland would have fared badly through neglect if it had not been for the British trade which suddenly sprang up. Iceland continued her trade relations with Britain until after the Reformation, when a Danish company completely monopolized the trade with Iceland.

The social, religious, and political revolutions which spread all over the continent during the Reformation, did not reach Iceland at all.

Today Iceland is a Danish possession, but nevertheless is practically independent. The king of Denmark is also the king of Iceland, but Iceland has its own minister and its own parliament.

Iceland has always had a separate literature of its own, a litera-

Children are much alike the world over, don't you think?

Somewhere Under Iceland, Commonly Thought of as One of the World's Cold countries. There is a Red-hot Volcano. Hot Drinks are on tap the year round.

ture of the highest renown. In ancient times poetry used to take the place of music for the Icelanders. One of the best known groups of poems of early Iceland are the "Eddas", which deal mostly with northern mythology, with the stories of the principal deities, — Odin, Thor, Frey, and other Norse gods.

But the "Sagas", which really make up the main strength of ancient Icelandic literature, are written in a form strongly resembling that of an epic, and in their purest form deal with the lives of heroes.

The origin of the "Sagas" goes back to the times when stories of great deeds done by great heroes were recited at all feasts and gatherings for entertainment. These stories were told and retold so often that they gradually worked themselves into a regular form. Then after several generations had heard these accounts orally, they were written down.

Recent literature in Iceland has taken the form of lyric poetry. Steingrimr Thorsteinsson, the most successful of the modern Iceland poets, has written splendid descriptions of scenery, love songs, and as a translator has given "The Arabian Nights", "King Lear", and other foreign masterpieces to the people of Iceland.

About 1880 a colony of Iceland students at the University of Copenhagen started a new school of authors by choosing their models from the realistic school.

But the language of Iceland is so difficult that it is very easy for a native of Iceland to learn almost any other language that he cares to. Many Icelanders do this and so are able to read the literature of other lands in their original form.

The main occupation of the island is fishing. The port of Reykjavik is filled with ships unloading their cargo of codfish, which are split open and then taken into neighboring lava fields to be dried by the sun. These fields are literally white with codfish, and, with the exception of snow-capped mountain peaks, are the only suggestions of snow or ice in the summer time on the island.

The codfish, after being baked hard by the sun, is taken back to the ships where it is sent down long chutes into the hold, making more noise than a load of coal does when it slides into a cellar on a tin chute. The dried cod, together with fish oil, sheep, wool, hides, and eiderdown make up the chief exports of Iceland.

When a 20,000 ton tourist ship sailed into the harbor of Reykjavik last June, a holiday was declared in town because of the event. Since the ocean liner was the largest ship the Icelanders had ever seen, the whole 15,000 inhabitants of Reykjavik got into their motor boats, their row boats, and their kyaks, or small Eskimo canoes, and paddled out to look at the monster ship.

One of the tourists threw an orange at one of the boats, but missing his aim, saw his orange fall into the water. Immediately there was a scramble. An Icelander stood up in his boat, dived into the ice-cold waters, got possession of the orange, climbed back into the boat, and dripping wet calmly sat down to eat it. This daring feat for the possession of one orange was a signal for the passengers on board ship to begin throwing a regular shower of oranges, grapefruit, melons, and boxes of candy to the Icelanders in their little boats below. These then maneuvered skillfully about in order to get hold of the luxuries. The zeal with which they fought for the candy and fruit was more than ordinary because the Althing, or parliament, had put a 2-year embargo on all luxuries.

Reykjavik, (pronounced Re"kya-vik'), lying at the end of the Faxafjord, is the capital of the island. It contains 15,000 of the 90,000 inhabitants of Iceland, and in addition, the government building, the national library, the national history museum, and the University of Iceland. There are also moving picture theaters which show American-made films.

The Bank of Iceland is also at Reykjavik, but differs from other banks in that there are no bars or cashiers' stalls at all. In place of them, there is a low counter. The reason for this is that this bank does not have to worry about burglars because everyone in Iceland is honest. If someone wanted to rob the bank, and did so, to what place could he flee? He could not escape, for all of the towns of Iceland are sparsely scattered along the coast, and he could not live long in the interior barren waste. In order to flee the country, it is necessary to get on the larger boats that call at Reykjavik.

The people of Iceland are well educated. Compulsory education is the law, and English is taught in the public schools. Many Icelanders, after graduating from their own university, have attended the foremost universities of England, France, Germany, and the United States.

The hospitality extended to the tourists was remarkable. Many of the university students who had been to England, or who were daring enough to speak English, offered themselves as guides and interpreters. They refused to take gratuities for their services, and seemed

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Just come Down to See the Big Ship Come In.

WISCONSIN'S RIVAL HOUSES

By May L. Bauchle

OFF and on for the last hundred years or so, various cities and villages throughout the State have claimed the ownership of Wisconsin's oldest house. Each assertion has brought discussion and explanations until all claimants were eliminated except two which have clung tenaciously to the honor. One of these was a farm house overlooking the Fox River at Green Bay, the other, across the State, rested securely on the banks of the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. At last the controversy has been quieted. Each house has a right to the title, the Green Bay aspirant is without doubt the oldest frame house in the Badger State, while its rival at Prairie du Chien has been proved to be the oldest stone house within the same boundary.

From the time when Jean Nicolet explored the wilderness which was to be the Northwest Territory and eventually the Badger State, down through the years to the formation of the American Fur Trade Company by John Jacob Astor in 1809, the water way from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien was travelled by missionaries, traders, and adventurers who were constantly on the move. The Indians in this section had built small villages at strategic points such as the mouth of a river, a portage, or upon a lake or a bay. With the establishment of posts by the Fur Trading Company men began to build more or less permanent homes. Astor devoted his first effort to the building of the trading post at Prairie du Chien because the Mississippi offered a ready made to order Highway for his trade.

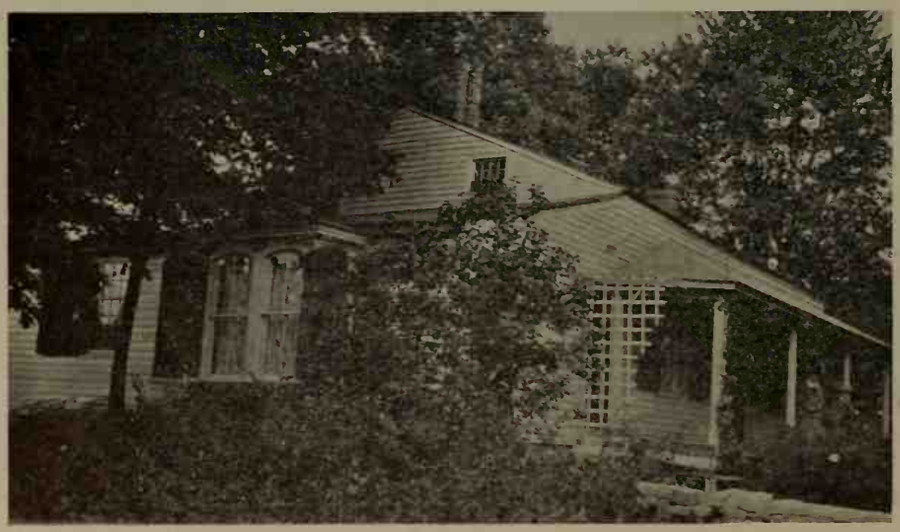
One of his first agents and one who later became his partner was Michael Brisbois, an educated French-Canadian who had come down out of the North to make his fortune. This man had married in 1795 the youngest daughter of Gautier De Verville. About the time of their arrival at the trading post a son was born to them. Realizing the necessity of a home for his family Michael began the erection of a stone house near the trading post and like it, also facing the river. How well he built is shown today by the house itself which stands as a monument to the strength and integrity of the man.

The Brisbois House at Prairie du Chien, Oldest Stone House in Wisconsin.

For nearly a century this early home of Michael Brisbois has sheltered his descendents. The present occupant, Josephine Chambers, who is the fourth in the Brisbois line, has restored the garden which tradition says was laid out by the original owner. The stone for the house were brought over on barges from the Iowa side, as were the stones for the Astor trading post and old Fort Crawford. The interior of the house remains much as in the early day. The original seven panel doors, the window frames, and the spacious fire places are here. When, a few years ago it was decided to enlarge one of the chimneys, it was found to have been built of clam dust so solid that a chisel and hammer were needed before any headway could be made. Although the neighborhood is not the select residential district it was considered in the elder Brisbois time, the house today has an air of aristocracy all its own and Mrs. Chambers is indeed fortunate to have as her home the oldest stone house in Wisconsin.

Up at Green Bay the early history of the rival houses runs some what parallel. Joseph Roy, also a French-Canadian trader, found it necessary to build a home for his growing family. Upon the banks of the Fox, sheltered from the gales of Green Bay, he cleared a few acres of land and with hand hewn timbers began the erection of what is now the oldest frame house in Wisconsin. The wide clapboards still show the irregular markings of the crude saws of the pioneer days.

Unlike the Brisbois house, the Green Bay land mark has had a varied history. Upon the death of the Roy family it became the property of Judge Jacques Porlier, Brown county's first judge, who transacted all of his legal business in the house. When Judge Porlier died in 1839 it became the property of Otto Tank, a Norwegian, whose wife was the daughter of a wealthy Holland burger. Like their predecessors the



The Porlier Cottage at Green Bay, Oldest Frame House in Wisconsin.

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An Ornamental Bush Which Harbors a Killer

The Home of Wheat Rust and How It Is Destroyed

By Kathryn Shattuck

BACK in the last century a certain well known poet gazed out upon the beauties of nature and saw in them an ethereal something which inspired these lines, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," But that was almost a hundred years ago and the poet saw only the one side—the lyrical, if we may call it that. Besides Mr. Wordsworth never had to delve into the scientific aspects of nature and, even if he had, he wouldn't have known in his day and age how very harmful some of the most beautiful parts of nature are.

Even today the unsuspecting individual, who has never been told anything about the barberry bush as the home of the deadly wheat rust, stops and admires with delight the dark green bushes which clothe the Wisconsin hills in their rich colors, brilliant at this time of year with clusters of deep red berries. Only men especially trained by the State Barberry Commission can "spot" these bushes which harbor one of the most widely feared enemies of the farmer. Little do we realize that behind the beautiful leaves of the barberry bush is lurking the deadly wheat rust; that here it begins life, grows, and then leaves just as the wheat is beginning to ripen, to mature on the stems of the wheat plant. Just like a parasite the wheat rust lives on the wheat, sapping the life energy of the valuable plant for the sake of its own worthless existence.

Even farmers are horror struck when they are informed by the barberry scouts that they have such bushes on their property. One farmer when told that he had an enormous bush nearly eighteen feet high on his farm refused to believe it, and said that he would fight anyone who touched the bush.

THE PROPER WAY TO REMOVE BARBERRY BUSHES.
Dig deep enough to get all the roots out with the plant to prevent sprouting. Heavy canvas gloves protect the hands.

"We finally convinced him after a lengthy argument that this bush which he had admired for the last twenty years, was a regular death harbor for every wheat field within a radius of five, ten, — yes and even fifteen miles," one of the Wisconsin scouts told me afterward.

Eradicating the Common Barberry by Putting Salt Around Its Roots.

When one actually stops to think that these bushes are the initial cause of losses which have been estimated to run as high as t$200,000,000 in some years in the wheat fields of the United States, one realizes the need of their immediate eradication. Such losses not only bring about higher prices for ourselves but are taking money from the pockets of the farmers whose property is in the regions where barberry bushes are the thickest.

Because the ground in a wild, over-grown region is not cultivated, we find barberry bushes happily lodged in such places. Such is the territory in the western part of Dane County. Here we find that the rough topography and the relatively high percentage of uncultivated land has been extremely favorable to the spread of the barberry bush.

Barberries are decidedly ornamental. That explains their migration from their native country of Asia Minor to all parts of the world. Men have been the agents in transplanting this bush to all countries. When William Lueder left Germany for the United States in 1842 he considered the barberry bush in his yard precious enough to include among the other possessions which he was bringing to the new country. And when he settled in Sauk City, Wisconsin, barberries got their start in this state. Likewise when Andrew Bell emigrated from Scotland in 1852, he brought the first barberry bush to Black Earth. Both Mr. Lueder and Mr. Bell conducted nurseries and sold barberries and other shrubbery. From these two early plantings in Wisconsin there has developed the largest wild area of barberries in the United States.

As in the case of the migration of the famous English sparrow and the German carp to this country, the barberry found conditions here decidedly favorable to its growth; hence it multiplied and spread until its army numbered more than 10,073,667 in the 1918-1923 census

The common barberry growing wild in a pasture. The barberry has escaped into pastures and woodlots; where once established it becomes a serious weed.

taken by the barberry scouts. Of this number barberry workers have been able to destroy something like 9,379,779 in the first five years of barberry eradication.

In the same campaign of 1918-1923, in the state of Wisconsin alone, the state and federal scouts discovered 3,365,854 bushes on some 9,161 properties. And Dane county reaps the greatest harvest of barberry bushes every year. Accordingly the state campaign against these bushes is being waged heavily in the western part of Dane county. For the past four years the state and federal governments have been sending out scouts mostly university students from the College of Agriculture, to carry on the drive for the eradication of the bushes.

But, you ask, do the barberry scouts have to dig up all these bushes or are there other means of destroying them. Fortunately our knowledge of science has given us a more efficient and surer means of killing the barberry bush. Salt, common rock salt, has been found to be the most effective method to be used, especially for all bushes growing wild. A ring of salt around the base of a barberry bush performs the simple job of killing the bush. Its harmful effect is manifested by the destruction of the chlorophyll in the leaves within a period of forty-eight hours. The exact time of killing varies with the rainfall, but even the largest bushes will be entirely killed within three weeks. Of course there are exceptional cases in which the bush is found in a front yard very near to valuable trees or shrubbery. In this case the scouts usually dig the bushes out. However, this method is not entirely effective, because roots are often left which sometimes sprout.

Railroads have become so interested in this work of barberry eradication that they ship the salt free of charge to the areas in which the barberry wars are being waged. In the Black Earth area, more than fifty-eight tons were consumed during 1923. The limit of the area is yet to be reached. The total amount of salt used in the destruction of barberries the past two years exceeds 147 tons.

"It will probably be ten years yet before all the bushes in this area are found and eradicated," said William A. Walker, state barberry eradication leader. "The bushes seem to thrive in the limestone soils of the Black Earth hills and many times we find enormous bushes sixteen and eighteen feet high. And for some reason the barberry prefers the south slope of the hills."

Although the importance of the common barberry as the only host plant to the black stem rust of the small grains was recognized in this country as early as the seventeenth century by the Pilgrims in New England, it was not until the recent war that losses in wheat crops due to stem rust were considered large enough to check. In 1918 thirteen states of the north central wheat belt embracing Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Indiana, and Ohio got together with the aid of the federal government in financing a campaign for the eradication foe the barberry.

Already the results are noticeable and the campaign is paying dividends. In 1916 occurred the last serious black rust outbreak in the United States and it resulted in losses of several hundred million bushels of wheat, in addition to the damage to barley, oats, and rye. Weather and crop conditions were closely similar last year, 1923, and if the wheat growing states had been harboring as many barberry bushes as previously, there would undoubtedly have occurred a similar loss, instead of the comparatively nominal one about one-fourth as great. It is also probable that the ascendency of the wheat crop of the United States over that of Canada in 1924 is due in part to barberry eradication in this country and Canada's failure to undertake it.

Since that time the work has become so highly specialized that in 1923 we find that more than nine million barberry bushes were destroyed by barberry scouts. With railroads, communities, private interests, and states allied in the great campaign against the barberry bush, the $200,000,000 yearly losses brought about by the wheat rust in our grain fields should soon be reduced to a minimum. It will be a happy day for the farmer, and everybody else, as a matter of fact, for economic waste is everybody's loss.

The tall barberry (lower) helps to spread stem rust, is dangerous and sholud be destroyed. The low Japanese barberry (right) is harmless and may be grown.

Legislature Offered $10,000 For Power Driven Vehicle in 1875

HIDDEN away in one of the volumes of the session laws of the Wisconsin legislature is an act known to but few, but which should be incorporated in every story telling of the development of the motor vehicle and farm tractor, as an illuminating and interesting incident. It was enacted in 1875, forty-nine years ago, and offered a prize of $10,000 to any citizen of Wisconsin for the "invention and production of a machine propelled by steam or other motive agent which shall be a cheap and practical substitute for the horse and other animals on the highways and farms."

It probably was the first offer of that kind made by a state legislature and showed that the farmers of Wisconsin were men of vision who saw the need of a new agency of power and were willing to encourage inventive genius to set out to develop this agency. That their vision was not an idle one is shown by the fact that there are over 9,000,000 motor vehicles using the roads of this country today, and hundreds of thousands of tractors on the nation's farms.

Has Amusing Sidelights

The story of this early movement in Wisconsin and of the efforts of inventors to win the $10,000 prize is one with many amusing sidelights. The statute providing for the $10,000 prize required that all machines entering the contest "shall perform a journey of at least 200 miles, on a common road or roads" and eye witnesses state that the whole course of the contest was lined with people to watch the passing machines. One witness said:

"Talk about your excitement; Barnum's circus was no greater attraction and horses could not be kept anywhere near the highways when the machines came along."

The action of the Wisconsin legislature in offering the prize was brought about by the building of a horseless carriage at Racine, in 1871 by Dr. J. W. Carhart. Widespread interest was aroused throughout the state by the Carhart machine and this led to the offer of the premium by the Wisconsin legislature. It is said that Wisconsin was undoubtedly the first and only state in the union to offer a prize for the development of a motor vehicle or tractor. The statute providing for the offer was fathered by G. M. Marshall, a mechanic, who was a member of the legislature.

Inventors Got Busy

As soon as the offer was made known every inventive genius in the state of Wisconsin "got busy". The interest and the indicators of a sharp contest were so great that it was found necessary to provide some official body to be placed in charge of the contest and to fix rules governing it. This was done in the legislative session of 1877, and three commissionners were appointed, John M. Smith of Green Bay, G. M. Marshall of Big Springs and a Mr. Olin of Jefferson county.

As the time of the beginning of the contest approached the interest became keener. It was announced that six competing machines would enter the race. The course was laid out from Green Bay to Madison. When the day of the contest came but two machines appeared, one called the Green Bay and the other the Oshkosh. Both were driven by steam power. The Green Bay was a horizontal firebox boiler type. The mechanism was very complicated with a great number of gears. The designers showed great ingenuity in their construction of a front axle steering knuckle similar to that used on motor vehicles today.

Oshkosh Described

The descriptions at hand of the Oshkosh are full and in detail. It had a vertical boiler containing 150 one and three-quarter inch tubes with a box heater rounding at the bottom. Two engine cylinders, with link motion, were attached on top of the heaters. The propelling device was a sprocket pinion on the crank shaft. The driving chain was similar to that used on motor trucks today. The wheels were of wood.

The race started from Green Bay and was watched with intense interest along the entire route. The Green Bay reached the city of Oshkosh first, neither machine meeting with any mishaps. A contest between the vehicles was staged at the fair grounds to show both speed and pulling power. The Green Bay with its gearing, having a mechanism whereby various speeds could be maintained, had the advantage of higher speed on the road and lower speed for hauling freight.

Stop for Repairs

The 200 mile trip was continued from Oshkosh to Madison with the Green Bay leading. About half way between Oshkosh and Fond du Lac this machine was compelled to stop for repairs.

The Green Bay experienced difficulty after difficulty on the remainer of the trip, and at a point 15 miles outside of Madison discontinued the journey and the Oshkosh went on, arriving at Madison without difficulty, with a record of an average speed of six miles per hour, or one mile better than specified.

Immediately after the trip was over the commissioners met but disagreed on awarding the prize. They finally decided to refer the whole matter to the next legislature. That body voted $5,000 to the owners of the Oshkosh.

Traveled 201 Miles

The whole distance traveled by the winning machine was 201 miles covered in 33 hours and 27 minutes, including stops for wood and water. The same distance is easily covered now in one-fourth of the time without violating speed laws.

Power Driven Vehicle in 1875

Today, when we sit in luxury and roll over the roads in limousines, the early day contest was a crude pioneer affair. However, these early day legislators showed a vision and spirit of venture in offering this $10,000 prize. The race between the Oshkosh and Green Bay is not only an odd and interesting bit of history but is worthy of being noted on the records as one of the epochs in the annals of highway transportation.

— *State Journal*

THE SMALLEST THING

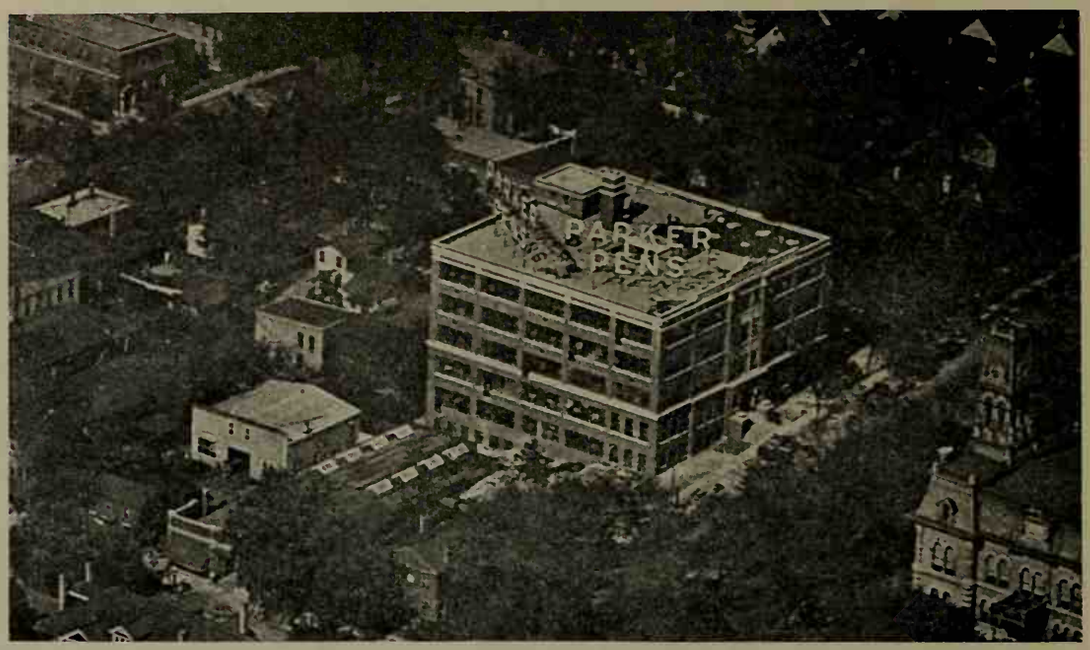
A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—*William Mathews.*

CHEERFUL AND HOPEFUL MEN

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Parker Pen Company of Janesville Brings Fame to Wisconsin



A BUSINESS that is known, and well-known, in every part of the world had its origin in Janesville, and its main offices and factory are still in Janesville. This is The Parker Pen Company manufacturers of fountain pens and automatic pencils including the famous Duofold brand.

This business was started in 1890 by George S. Parker who is still the active head of the company. Mr. Parker invented the original Parker Pen and started production in an extremely small way, operating only in Janesville and the immediate vicinity.

Soon after the inception of the business Mr. W. F. Palmer came into the company, and is today the Secretary and Treasurer. From a very humble beginning these two men have captained the business which has risen to the premier position in the fountain pen industry.

The factory in Janesville employs somewhat over eight hundred people, and the list of employees is making a very considerable increase each successive year.

The company has a factory at Toronto, Canada; sales offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Spokane, Toronto, London; and highly organized distributing connections in the following foreign cities: Mexico City, Havana, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Valparaiso, Copenhagen, Milan, Calcutta, Bombay, Batavia, Singapore, Sydney, Johannesburg, Shanghai, Yukohama, Manila.

The Parker Pen Company manufactures everything complete in connection with its fountain pens. The vulcanized rubber for the body of the pen is received in rough rods and tubes, and the entire manufacturing process done in the Janesville plant. For the gold pen points and gold and silver ornamentations, solid 24-karat gold bars are used, and then alloyed to the proper degree of hardness. Iridium for the tips of the pen points is imported from Tasmania at a cost of $2480 a pound. This is fused on the tip of the gold pens to give a permanent unwearing tip, and then ground smooth as a jewel which gives the perfect writing effect on which the success of the Parker Company is largely dependent.

The Parker Duofold brand has been one of America's most spectacular and conspicuous successes, and there is scarcely a man, woman, or child who is not familiar with the Duofold advertising.

This company's advertising and merchandising methods have been put in the form of a book, and used by over one hundred universities and colleges as a textbook on modern advertising and marketing.

The Town of "Wabun" Became Waupun.

FOND DU LAC county and especially Waupun residents will be interested to know that Waupun is not the correct name for this city. It should have been "Wabun".

Seymour Wilcox, the first white settler in Waupun, came here alone in 1838, at the suggestion of John Bannister, a surveyor from Green Bay. Wilcox brought his family after having built a cabin on the north side of the city of Waupun near the old Markle Harris and Warren flour mill now occupied by the Waupun Canning Co. Later Wilcox was joined by John Ackerman and Hiriam Walker.

Wilcox first named the city Madrid after his native village, but James Duane Doty, who was then a delegate to congress from Wisconsin, named the post office. The carriers who brought the mail on horseback, and the surveyors, were careless in spelling the name and it fell to Waupun instead of Wabun. There still live in Waupun three members of the Wilcox family, Mrs. Clara Wilcox and daughter, Miss Inez, and Mrs. Ann Wilcox, and one of the Ackerman family, Frank Ackerman.

Waupun or Wabun means the rising sun in the east or dawn. It is an Indian name and the following bit of history was recently gathered by a Waupun resident who is making a study of the names and cities in Fond du Lac and Dodge counties.

"Wabun was the son of Mudjekeeuris. He was young and beautiful, and when he came from the east in the morning, his breath was fresh with the perfume of flowers and he painted the sky with streaks of crimson and gold. He woke the deer and called the hunters and chased the dark over hill and valley.

'Wabun was lonely in the sky and although the birds sang to him and the rivers and the forests shouted at his coming, he longed for a friend to be with him always. One day when a fog lay on the river, he looked towards the earth and saw a slender maiden walking along alone upon the meadow. She was gathering water flags and bullrushes which grew along the margin of the river and her eyes were as blue as two blue lakes.

'Wabun loved the graceful maiden for she was alone on the earth and he was alone in heaven, so he drew her to his bosom and changed her into a beautiful star and they are still found together in the easterly sky, Wabun and the Wabun Annung, the east wind and the morning star."

COREOPSIS

Midsummer warmth makes garden elves more bold
To peep around,—to watch green buds unfold.
See! Fast within afern-like snare is caught
A quaint wee sunburned face, with hair of gold. —*Aldis Dunbar.*

South America: The Land of Smouldering Promises

University professor tells of his observances made during a recent trip across the continent.

By Jean Wilmarth

THAT South America offers exceptional opportunities for American capital and management, is the opinion of R. H. Whitbeck, professor of geography at the University of Wisconsin. Professor Whitbeck, who has recently returned from an extensive tour across South America, told in an interview about some of the outstanding features of that continent.

"I was gone about five months, altogether," he said, "and could easily have spent five more in becoming thoroughly acquainted with that wonderfully interesting continent. I was primarily occupied with observing the manner in which the people of those southern countries have adjusted themselves to their geographical environment. In this they have been hindered by ignorance, poverty, and subjection to a few monied aristocrats who deem any sort of strenuous labor beneath their rank."

"The pushing, money-making American unfavorably impresses the polished South American gentleman, but as time goes on the two are coming more and more in contact and a better understanding is growing up."

The common conception which people hold about South America is a conglomerate mixture of the names and places they had to memorize in fourth grade geography class. The Andes, the Amazon, jungles, boa constrictors, and chamois remain with vague recollections of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janerio in the back of most everyone's mind. Few are conscious that great unexploited resources await the coming of skilled engineers and managers who can develop them.

"Countries where ancient civilizations flowered possess traditions of romance and legends of adventure enough to interest the most prosaic minded. They are like live coals, these countries, which have already burned in splendor, but within which the fire still breathes and will live again when the proper fuel is provided."

"Lima, the old capital of the Spanish colonies, and the oldest city in South America, is a queer mixture of the ancient and the modern," Professor Whitbeck said. "In this city, which was founded over 300 years ago, one sees the ancient temples of the Incas, cathedrals built by the Spaniards, and modern street cars and automobiles."

"American companies now operate the two most important copper mines in Peru, and the many irrigated plantations where sugar, cotton, and rice are grown, are owned by foreign investors. The great Chilean Nitrate Fields which net their government an export tax of some 30 million dollars a year, are the most important mineral deposits in all South America. In northern Chile also is located the greatest copper mining camp in the world, also American owned. The vale of Chile, corresponding in climate, topography, and fertility with our great Valley of California, is the heart of the nation."

Mountains, two long ranges of them, separate these west coast countries from the interior of the continent and to some extent from eastern influences. Such an effective barrier has been overcome comparitively recently and still there is only one railroad which can safely be used to cross the western range.

Professor Whitbeck stated that a person traveling on this railroad often becomes nauseated when the train nears the upper limit of its 15,600 ft. climb. The grade is essentially very steep, and in the total distance of 200 miles across the mountains, there are 61 bridges, 65 tunnels, and 14 switchbacks. It is not difficult to understand why constructive engineers are needed.

"Across the Andes lies Argentina, the leading nation of South America. Buenos Aires, its capitol, is one of the most expensive cities in the world in which to live. It is the wealth and population center of the country, a condition which is proving detrimental to the welfare of Argentina. In this city, even more than in New York, the contrast between the idle, extravagant rich and the poor who live in squalor, is most striking. Very little is done to educate the masses, who are growing antagonistic to foreign capital which controls the railroads and toward the wealthy class which spends lavishly and with much display. Nevertheless, with its temporate climate, level land, fertile soil, coastal location, extensive railroad system, stable government, white population, and rapidly growing wealth, Argentina has the making of a great nation."

And what of the enormous country of Brazil?

"There," Professor Whitbeck points out, "exists a mixed population with only a very few whites. The soft climate does not produce an energetic people and Brazil suffers from the lack of that tonic effect which cold winters bring.

The coffee planters constitute the aristocracy of the nation, and this product dominates its whole economic life. When coffee prices are low the whole nation is depressed, and when they are high nearly every other business thrills with renewed life. Sao Paulo, where a revolution has recently been in progress, grows 70 per cent of the world's coffee.

Rio de Janeiro is the most beautiful city of the tropics. Marble outlined waterfronts, boulevards of palm trees at the edge of the harbor, moonlight nights of warmth and quiet, are only a few of the attractions which this modern city affords."

Professor Whitbeck, who is already the author of three widely used geography text books, plans to write a book about South America, for use in his course in that subject at the university.

HOOVER HEADS NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

Herbert Hoover is the newly elected President of the National Parks Association, succeeding Dr. Charles D. Walcott, whose retirement was forced by his own increasing responsibilities. In his letter of acceptance Mr. Hoover said:

"The defense and preservation of our national parks is a most worthy effort. Their stimulative, educational, recreational values are, all of them, of vital importance to all of our citizens. Recreation grounds and natural museums are as necessary to our advancing civilization as are wheat fields and factories. Indeed, I should like to see the association not alone devote itself to defense of the areas that have been set aside by our government for perpetual use in these purposes, but to expand its activities in the promotion of other forms of recreational areas.

"The interests of the million of automobile campers and tourists who now annually visit our parks should be even further advanced by the reservation for them of camping grounds and other recreation opportunities in the public lands and forests. Such areas need not be so large or under the vigorous control which must apply to our national parks, yet they could be greatly increased and helped by the government, especially in co-operation between the Federal Government and state governments."

Pattison Park

Make a Note of it for Next Year's Tour

ONLY a century ago the Indian brave paused and gazed upon beautiful Manitou Falls and whispered, awestruck, "Gitchee Monido". Child of nature, he called it God, for in whatever was majestic, awe-inspiring, exalting he saw a manifestation of the Great Spirit. As our immortal Longfellow recites it in his magic cadences,

"Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
Till the shadows pointing eastward
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heavens,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom."

Even today the white visitor to the great falls in Pattison park, which he has perverted from the Indian's "Gitchee Monido" to "Manitou" Falls, may well stop and pay reverent tribute to one of the most beautiful natural phenomena in Wisconsin.

Niagara Falls, on the American side, are 167 feet high; Manitou Falls, the highest water falls in Wisconsin, are 165 feet high — only two feet less. Of course, during the summer season the volume of water passing over Manitou Falls is small compared with that which passes over the Niagara, but in the spring, when the Black River is at its height, the roar of the Manitou may be heard for a long distance. Then it is that the deep gorge at the foot of the falls becomes a boiling caldron, throwing up a veil of mist and flying spray. In the summertime the falls take on a more peaceful aspect, reflecting the dancing shadows of trees and rocks while miniature rainbows play upon the clouds of mist.

It was in 1794 that the Northwestern Fur Company established a trading post at what is now Superior. This post was abandoned shortly after the War of 1812, but several years later the company again established a branch, this time at the head of the great waterfalls, for the big falls was a favorite camp site for the nomadic Indian tribes, and offered a convenient market place for the white man to exchange his goods for the furs of the Indians. The clearing made for this trading post still remains.

Gitchee Monido.

Martin Pattison and his brother, William, started logging on the Black River in 1880, and continued until 1895. For several years preceding his death Mr. Pattison was acquiring these lands with a view to presenting them to the state for park purposes.

The land was presented to the state for park purposes in 1920. One of the conditions of the gift was that the Masonic order, in which Mr. Pattison was prominent, should have the right to occupy 60 acres for any charitable object which the lodge might have in mind. Other conditions were that the park should be a wild life refuge and that the state should reforest a portion which was burned over a few years ago. It was also stipulated that the tract was never to be exploited for mining or commercial purposes.

The park contains 600 acres of land. It is traversed from south to north by the Black River. "As the river approaches the park the valley becomes narrow and the path of the stream is strewn abundantly with large and rugged boulders. Farther on the river flows over an embankment of Keweenawan trap rock, forty feet in height, dashing into a pool at its base thirty feet deep in solid rock. This is the "Little Falls" — "Cacabeeca Bunghee" of the Indians. From the foot of the falls the river proceeds listlessly for a ways, then frettingly rushes over rapids and between jagged boulders until it reaches the cement bridge built over state trunk highway No. 35. Within a few rods of the highway crossing it again passes over wide stretches of rugged escarpments of trap rock and then goes plunging over the "big falls" — "Gitchee Monido" — 165 feet into the deep, shadowy gorges below."

Millionaires And Airs of Millions

College Girl Waitress Finds Many Types in Summer Resorts

By Alice L. Colony

"WHEAT Cakes, BROWN, Coffee Hot, bring them immediately!"

This was the usual morning greeting which I received from the special family to whose table I had been assigned for the entire season at the Kirkland summer resort. I picked up my tray and moved off in a leisurely stroll toward the kitchen, in true waitress fashion.

There was the long wait in line in the kitchen, my special egg order previously taken to fix myself, no knife to be found, butter to be melted, pan leaked, bread refused to toast, five minutes gone, water isn't boiling, some one gets my place in line, eight minutes gone, break egg yolks, another egg must be cooked, fifteen minutes gone, and the second cook has forgotten to fill my wheat cake order, twenty minutes, rush into dining room and trip over guest's feet sprawled out, and drop my tray.

And so the day's work began.

Wisconsin is the state of many picturesque lakes which furnish a delightful resting place for city-tired, noise-aggravated, and ragged nerves. Resorts and hotels have sprung up over night and no beauty spot can be so secluded but that Fords, Packards, motor cycles, or busses can bump their way to them. Many people means more hotels, more hotels means a demand for servants, more servants means that I can get a summer job, and a summer job means more party dresses, silk lingerie and new pictures and books for my third year in college.

The trap was spilled, my guest swore as I have never heard even a college boy swear, and then I learned my first lesson as a waitress, — a servant must always keep his temper under any circumstances.

When I stepped to the next table to give the call, a gracious smile and cheery good morning greeted me.

Every guest is a distinct type, although there are several classes into which a waitress automatically places a new guest the first time she sees him.

"Deary, when we get in our own little love nest, just you and I, sweetie, do you think that you can make biscuits like these?" One of the "Cornmealers" cooed to his wife, while I helplessly struggled to place a glass of water on the table between them. The "Cornmealers" was a convenient code, meaning honeymooners, which we used for convenience in our conversations with each other, for a waitress' conception of corn meal is mush, and mush is a synonym for honey-moon as far as we could judge from extensive observations along the lake shore on moon light nights.

I serve a man for a week and he checks out. Immediately after he leaves the dining room, I rush over and furiously clear the table, my heart fluttering with excitement. The blood rushes to my temples as I remove the last plate, and I hold my breath, my hand trembles, as I visualize a trip in the bus into town, movies and a double chocolate pecan nut sundae. With a determined grasp, I remove the plate, and find that this guest belongs to the big hearted group, for in my palm lies a thin, lone dime, my tip for one week!

Then there are those guests who are addicted to the egg habit. Frail, shadowy creatures, weighing two hundred or so, who must have their poached eggs on toast, their eggs fried in butter, their scrambled eggs, hard boiled, soft boiled, and deviled, while I am trying to serve desserts at another table.

"I have a guest that is hot stuff," one waitress informs me as she waits in line. She gives her order to the cook.

"One lamb chop with mint jelly, — Hot!"

"One mashed potato, — Hot!"

"One cup of tea, — Hot!"

"One ice pudding, — Hot!"

The world-wonders are the most numerous in the average small summer resort. Father is a banker, the leading citizen in a town of two thousand! Son is the idol of the small college campus! Daughter receives specials from sweetie back home who is missing her dreadfully! The son gives the order as though he were ordering in the Ritz and looks coldly past his waitress whose cousin is a fraternity brother of his.

Pleasant, smiling, and thoroughly human are the "pleases" who are the guests that make life livable for a waitress. If I make a mistake, they are gentle with me. They tip well, but what counts is that ever present kindness. One learns after they leave that they had more money than all of the "worldwonders" together, but who would have even suspected it?

They pleasantly say as I give the call,

"Please bring me some wheat cakes, and coffee too, if you PLEASE!"

The Christmas

Seal Finances

The Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Ass'n

WHICH

Fights Tuberculosis

By teaching people how to prevent it. It has been able to cut the tuberculosis death rate from 107.7 per 100,000 population in 1908 to 66.7 per 100,000 in 1923. YET

Every Five Hours Someone in Wisconsin Dies of Tuberculosis

1819 Wisconsin People Died of this Preventable Disease in 1923

Christmas Seals Save Lives

The Book in The Home

MUCH work has been done to send traveling libraries to the isolated rural district and thus to stimulate a taste for the good things to be had in literature. In this state much praise is due those who have builded this system into Wisconsin's thoughtful consideration of the community or the individual distant from public library privilege. The books for these traveling libraries have been selected with wonderful appreciation of the needs of the people to whom they are to go. They not only feed a hunger which already exists, but they whet a mental appetite for more. This movement cannot be belittled either in its conception of the problem to be met or the manner of its meeting.

But the real determining factor of the rural home, and in fact of any home, is not the books read, but the books possessed, which lie there and are dog-eared and thumb-marked. The book that goes into and out of a home from public library may wield its influence on the individual who for once only in his life time reads its pages. But the volume whose pages lie at hand to be familiar companions to those who live within the household and a part of the welcome to the guest will of itself tell a story of the kind of home. After all, the hunger for possession speaks more positively than the passion for reading and tells more certainly the character of the family.

Some time the shelves of the rural homes will display real books, genuine inspirations, which are not only there, but are read; not only read by the present generation whose sacrifices made possible their possession, but, passing on down, enrich the lives of the children who have had them as companions during their growing to responsible age. This does not mean that some rural homes are not already thus equipped. But too many of them have no selection of books worthy the name of library. For, be it known, it is not the number of books that make a library, but what books are in the number owned.

That group of people are going to bless the State of Wisconsin who recognize the value of the owned book as an agency to help give the rural home the atmosphere it can have, where contentment and not pessimism rules. The farmer today is the real home-maker in the United States almost the last hope in these days when the city dweller's oppurtunity for home-owning is becoming less, or if he owns a home no sentiment attaches to the specific domicile. The moving van is more familiar to him and his family than the street number at his door. His chances of possessing a library grow less as his movings become more frequent, and his chances of living in any one house or even locality for any definite period depend on so many contingencies, that it might be said that he holds his household goods in light-weight marching order all the time. Books are heavy and bookcases cumbersome.

But the farm home possesses at least some element of permanency and some hope of remaining in one family more than one generation. This hope is intensified in proportion to the home-making materials found within the house, not the least of which is the book, intelligently selected, whose purchase meant some sacrifice, whose possession is a matter of pride, whose reading is assured. When the rural dweller begins to measure himself by the things which he has put into his home to form the environment of those who are to live therein, he is fast coming to the state of mind that shall enable him to look with pity on the cooped-up, homeless creature, whose only basis of boast is the nearness to transportation, whereby he can move oftener.

The traveling library is doing much to bring about this situation by giving the isolated home a contact with life's vast thought and experience through the book that goes in and out of the home. The stimulus thus created has been known to change lives from the dull monotony of a hopeless grind to a vision. But on top of this contact of an hour or two if there be imposed the owned book, as conscienciously selected as are the volumes of the traveling library, then one of the factors shall have been found which shall make the rural home the substantial, intelligent and broad influence it can be and will be in holding the ideals of good government and right living.

NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF DUOFOLD QUALITY AT CHRISTMAS

OVER-SIZE DUOFOLD PEN $7 • NEW "BIG BRO." DUOFOLD PENCIL TO MATCH $4—*Their First Christmas Together*

34 "Inquiring Reporters"

Settled the Gift Question for You

When they found more people wanted the Parker Pens than any other make

Yes, and a Parker Duofold with 25-year point will make this a 25-year Christmas for those to whom you give it

WHAT they told the "Inquiring Reporters" from 34 newspapers is the answer you would get if you asked your friends and loved ones to name their Christmas gift.

Out of 2024 people picked at random more named the "Parker" Pen than any other make when the reporters asked: "What pen will you buy next?"

And there's no finer gesture of affection than to send these reigning favorites instead of trifles that have no permanent value.

To the man give the $7 Over-size Duofold with the man-size grip, and the extra ink-supply that is just like money in the bank when needed.

To the woman or girl give slender Lady Duofold, $5. To the boy give Duofold Jr., $5.

Duofold pencil to match any one of the pens, $3.50. New "Big Bro." Duofold Pencil, $4, a real mate for the Over-size Duofold Pen in build and finish. The first mechanical pencil with a balanced over-size grip that doesn't cramp or tire, but makes a friend of the hand the instant you grasp it.

Satin-lined Gift Box De Luxe included with Duofold Pen and Pencil sets, called Parker Duofold Duettes.

All Parker Duofold Pens are made in flashing plain black, as well as lacquer-red, black-tipped. All have the jewel-smooth Duofold point that's guaranteed, if not abused, for 25 years' wear. All have the same hand-fitting symmetry and balance that inspire writing, and give one's penmanship the speed and character that win with the world.

But don't be late in ordering from the first pen counter—else there may not be time to have your Duofolds engraved with the names of the lucky ones who're to get them.

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Duofold Jr.
$5

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Duofold
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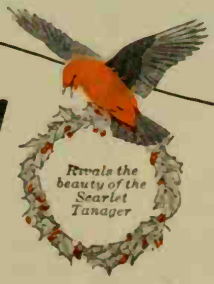

Lady Duofold
$5
Ribbon $1 extra

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R-S Sanitary Drinking Fountains come in a variety of models and sizes for every requirement -- for the factory, school, playground, public building and other places where many people gather.

Write for catalog with prices, specifications and complete information. It will be gladly sent upon request.

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THEY TAKE THE AIR.

BATHING BEAUTIES? Not at all! Just a group of youngsters at the Children's Cottage, Muirdale Sanatorium, Milwaukee county, taking large doses of fresh air as a part of the "battle" against tuberculosis. Cool autumn breezes mean nothing to these brown-skinned lassies who, engrossed in a game of leap frog being played by a group of small boys on the lawn below, didn't know they were being "snapped".

Wisconsin has about 3,000 tuberculous and thousands more will develop this disease unless proper preventive steps are taken. Tuberculosis is essentially a disease of youth and for this reason it is of the utmost importance to educate the children of the state in prevention methods. To do this is one part of the many sided anti-tuberculosis campaign conducted by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association and financed by the penny Christmas seal now on sale throughout the state. To find children who have already become infected with tuberculosis and to have them cared for; to find those threatened with the disease and teach them how to build up their bodies so that the tuberculosis germ may not get a foothold; to reach all school children and to teach them the importance of strong, healthy bodies by means of the Modern Health Crusade in the school—these are things that the Christmas seal is doing for Wisconsin children.

First Appearances in Wisconsin

ATLANTIC coast towns which pride themselves upon their early origin and long standing have not a great advantage over some Wisconsin places. Scarcely nineteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Nicolet, the French missionary, was exploring the country west of Lake Michigan, visiting what is now Green Bay and journeying down the Wisconsin River. Two fur traders again penetrated to Green Bay in 1654.

Eighteen years before William Penn had founded Philadelphia, Claude Allouez established a mission at La Pointe on Lake Superior, probably the first settlement in Wisconsin.

Nicholas Perrot made the first voyage by white man along the west shores of Lake Michigan in 1670. In 1679 the first sailboat appeared on Lake Michigan. The "Griffin" attempted to make Green Bay but was lost in a storm. Nineteen years after Fulton's "Clermont" struggled up the Hudson, a steamboat appeared on Lake Michigan.

The residence of Rev. Alfred Brunson, built at Prairie du Chien in 1836, when Chicago was but a village, is still in use, as is also the residence erected by Zachary Taylor while he was in command at Fort Crawford. The first frame house erected in Wisconsin was built at Green Bay in 1825 by Col. Childs. Green Bay also claims the distinction of printing the state's first newspaper, publishing the "Intelligencer" in 1833.

The first paper mill operating in Wisconsin was built at Milwaukee in 1848, on the north side of the Menomonee River, nearly a block west of the West Water Street bridge. Appleton, erecting a mill in 1855, was the first town in the Fox River valley to manufacture paper.

To Appleton goes the distinction of operating the first commercial light plant in the entire United States. The Appleton-Edison Light Co.

THE LITTLE WHITE INDIAN.

(Continued from page 8)

heels. A strange pair they made. Angeline dark, fat, her face radiant, and the boy fair haired, quick, alert, eager and talkative. It took no time at all before the English he had known, but which he had not used since he had been found half dead on the bank of the Kakagon, came back to him, when he heard it spoken by the whites, nor was it long before he acted as interpreter for them. He became great friends with the white children and with their mothers too, who marveled and wondered about him. Many an evening after the work of the day was over, neighbors gossiping and talking on their doorsteps made little Paul the topic of their conversation.

But the Indians remained reticent in regard to him, and the squaws when questioned, as they frequently were, would grunt and make no other reply.

The weeks of Paul's second summer with his friends, the Chippewas, passed and winter once more settled on the little Kakagon village, and the Indians were forced to go less often to the town on the banks of the Bad River.

That fall the muskrats built their houses larger than usual. The fur on the little animals of the forest was thicker and even the plumage of the birds seemed heavier. The Indians taking note of all these things banked up their wigwams more securely and prepared for the long cold winter which they knew would come.

And it was a long cold cruel winter that winter of 18... The snow swirled and banked itself deep around the wigwams and homes of the Indians. By February food became scarce and hard to get. The deer and bear and even the rabbits seemed to hide themselves far in the forests away from even the keen, sharp eyes of the Indian hunters. The drifts were so deep that a journey to the white settlement was impossible. Sickness, more dreaded and feared than all else, slowly made its way into the Chippewa village. In one night three in the tribe died of the dreaded pneumonia. Terror filled the hearts of all, for they saw the grim phamton standing at their doors ready to enter. All through the day and through the long hours of the night sounded the dull beat of the drum at the pow-wow house, where the medicine men were trying to frighten away the evil spirits.

Paul, who lived with old Angeline, came into the wigwam late one afternoon after gathering wood for the fire, and trying vainly to trap a rabbit. He threw himself on the furs in front of the fire, his head throbbing and his little cheeks flush-

If it were possible to say it of any life insurance company, surely it might be said of The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, that it is a Wisconsin concern, for it was incorporated and organized under a special Act of the Wisconsin legislature in 1857 and, continuously since that time, it has maintained its Home Office in Wisconsin; but in no important sense is any successful life insurance company a local institution,—it is essentially national.

The Northwestern Mutual Life, however, has been the chief insuring company of Wisconsin citizens. Since its organization it has paid in excess of $38,000,000 to beneficiaries of Wisconsin men, for death losses and endowments alone, and it now has outstanding some 80,000 policies on the lives of Wisconsin residents, involving protection approximating $225,000,000.

The original charter powers granted this company were terse, but comprehensive. It was authorized to *"insure lives"* and that is what it has been doing steadfastly for sixty-six years. At first, its service was confined to the paying of a lump sum to a stated beneficiary on the death of an assured; now its policy contracts definitely meet every conceivable need for the protection of families and businesses.

Modern personal insurance provides cash to pay taxes, bills, expenses, mortgages and the cost of family readjustment; it furnishes funds for the education of children, monthly checks for living expenses and money for the needs of old age.

Modern business insurance protects an organization against the loss of its Financial Brains, its Production Brains, its Organizing Brains and its Selling Brains. It creates and protects credit. It inspires public confidence and it is easily adjusted to all business exigencies. Partnership and Corporation insurance are nesessities of modern society.

The important thing, nowadays, is to be *expertly advised* in life insurance. The needs of every man should be diagnosed scientifically and a proper program prescribed. This requires scientific, expert service and Northwestern Mutual Life agents are trained with that in mind. They are to be found in every locality of Wisconsin and they may be consulted freely, whether one is in the market for life insurance or not. All Northwestern agents are *expected* to Serve the Public.

The following are general agents in Wisconsin and they will be glad to be consulted. Call upon or write them:

D. N. CAMERON, Old Commercal Bank Bldg., 130 Main St., Oshkosh,

HARRY L FRENCH, 4th Floor Commercial Nat. Bank Bldg., 102 State St., Madison,

W. F. McCAUGHEY, 204 Baker Bldg., 523 Main St., Racine,

J. W. McGIVERAN, Northwestern Bldg., 201 Locust St., Hudson,

C. L. McMILLEN, 253-4 Plankinton Arcade, 123 Grand Ave., Milwaukee.

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your typing will be perfect, your typewriter equipment cost cut in half, your stenographic force reduced and your correspondents pleased with the neat, legiable letters that only the **Demountable** can write.

Ask your Demountable dealer to demonstrate these and the many other features that this typewriter has.

Manufactured by
DEMOUNTABLE TYPEWRITER CO.
FOND DU LAC, WIS., U. S. A.

The Mouse-around Gift Shop

Quaint and Curious Gift Goods from across the Bounding Main.

"Gifts reflect thought."

416 State St., Madison Wis.

ed with fever. Ere long he was mumbling incoherently. Fear struck old Angeline's heart, especially when she knew he was speaking in his own English tongue. Starting up with a childish cry of "Mama, Mama," he would stretch out his thin little arms toward an imaginary some-one whom only his little fevered, mind would see, and then he would fall back exhausted — disappointed. For three days and nights old Angeline nursed him but there was no change for the better, and always he kept up his pitiful little call of "Mama".

On the fourth day, at noon, a step was heard on the snow outside the wigwam. The deer skin was flung back from the opening, and a man stepped inside. It was the medicine man from the white settlement. A report had come to the little town on the river of the sickness among the Indians on the Kakagon and the doctor and a couple of assistants had made their way on snow-shoes through the drifts to aid them.

Going swiftly to the side of the sick child, the doctor examined him quickly. A look of anxiety and interest came into the eyes of the man as he recognized the face of little Paul. Not once during the rest of the day and night did he leave the side of the sick child, for an added interest in the case soon became apparent.

In his delerium Paul called for his father and mother, speaking their names and once, even the name of the Eastern town which he had left so many months before. He seemed to live again the events of the fire, and as he talked, the doctor, note book in hand, wrote down what he said. On the following day getting an interpreter, he got the story of little Paul from old Angeline and in two more days, Paul being well on the road to recovery, the doctor returned to the village.

Much writing was done that night on his return to the town, to the eastern city which Paul had mentioned in his delerium, and one afternoon a few days later, a fine aristocratic old lady and gentleman stepped off the train at the little white village. The doctor was awaiting them and eagerly they questioned and just as eagerly did he answer them. Two summers before, their daughter and her husband, a college professor, and their little son had gone to Wisconsin on a business and pleasure trip and had written home of a plan they had to take a canoe trip for a few days down one of the Wisconsin rivers. That was the last that had been heard of them. The parents had read of the forest fires that fall and their fears for the safety of the little party had been great.

Every effort had been made to find some trace of them, but to no avail. For not knowing the name of the river or their destination they

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For Great Danes that have size and intelligence, write Collins Kennels, encl'ng 15c for catalog

GREAT DANES
Are the He-Man's Dog

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Die Blocks, Butcher Blocks, Cutting Boards and Tables

ARE BETTER

BECAUSE they are built of Wisconsin Hard Rock Maple.

APPLETON WOOD PRODUCTS CO.

Manufacturers

APPLETON, WISCONSIN

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513 Hudson St.

San Francisco
18 Front St.

knew not where to start their search. But now, thanks to their old friend, the doctor, they had a clew which they were as eager as two children to follow up.

A dog team was waiting to carry them over the snow to where little Paul lay, and in a few hours they arrived at old Angeline's tee-pee. It was thought best for the tall, calm eyed, gray-haired man to enter the wigwam first. Lifting the skin overhanging the door, he cautiously made his way over to where the sick child lay on a bed of skins and gaily colored blankets. There was old Angeline, worn out and weary from her hours of anxious watching before the fire. The old gentleman stepping carefully, leaned over and gazed at the sick boy. The flush of fever had left his cheeks and his eyes gazed listlessly into the dim light of the room. A gleam of light crept into the face of the man. A look of half startled recognition followed by a happy smile of joy and assurance, crept into Paul's face as he looked up at the old man. With a weak little cry he flung out his arms and cried "Grandfather, is it you?" Words are inadequate to describe the reunion which then took place in the little wigwam. Angeline, hardly knowing whether she was dreaming or awake, waddled about beaming at her visitors, yet at the same time, conscious of a deep pain in her heart, for she knew she was to lose her boy.

Happy days followed for little Paul and his grandparents. Too weak to be moved or to travel, he was gradually nursed back to health by the love and patience of the old Indian woman and the loving care of his new found grandparents.

The winter lengthened into spring, and on one of the first warm days, Paul and Old Angeline, the latter resplendent in a new shawl and moccasins, were taken to the settlement, where with the boy's grandparents, they took a train for the East. Paul refused to let old Angeline remain behind, nor did his grandparents wish him to for they knew that as long as the faithful old friend lived, they could never repay her for all she had done for Paul.

They would see to it that the rest of her life she should live in comfort and plenty.

Many years have passed since the events of this story took place. Paul is a man now with children of his own. Angeline lived to a good old age, happy, proud, and contented to be permitted to live with Paul. Every summer until she died, she and Paul returned to the little village on the Kakagon, for a couple of weeks, visiting their old friends and renewing acquaintances.

Paul holds a responsible government position and many times has he conferred with the "great white father" at Washington in behalf of his friends, the Chippewas, of which tribe he himself is still a member and many good things he has been able to bring to pass for the good of "his tribe", for so he loves to think of them. *Barbara M. Albers.*

ICELAND, THE LAND OF FIRE.

(Continued from page 13)

proud to be able to guide visitors around. Also, everybody was polite, smiling, and always ready to help the strangers who had difficulties with the money or the language.

In honor of the big event of an English tourist ships calling at Reykjavik, many of the women dressed up in their native costumes, which consists of a dark skirt, a white shirt waist, and a black jacket embroidered in the brightest of colors. The Icelanders looked with astonishment at the bobbed heads of many of the young travelers, for the Icelander women braid their hair into two long, narrow braids which extend down to the waistline in the back.

The houses in Iceland are built of wood, covered with sheet iron, and painted in reds, blues, grays, and whites. Almost every house has flower beds, or at least a truck garden, in its front yard, and practically every window has a plant or fresh cut flowers in it.

Iceland has continuous daylight during the summer months. A midnight in the early part of July in Iceland is much lighter than a winter day in the United States at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At Reykjavik, the sun sets at about 11 p. m. in the month of July, and rises again at about 2 a. m. To the Icelander this night of daylight is nothing new, and so it does not disturb his sleep; but to the foreigner it is a novelty which is often inconvenient since he has to decide when he goes to bed whether he wants to sleep in broad daylight and have fresh air, or pull down the curtains and sacrifice fresh air for a little darkness.

But the Icelander pays for his long summers of daylight, because in midwinter the situation is reversed. Instead of long hours of daylight, he has many hours of darkness, and in December and January sees the sun only for a few short hours at noon. The inhabitants of Reykjavik, however, do not remain in darkness, for electric light is available.

CHILDREN

I love children. They do not prattle of yesterday; their interests are all of today and the tomorrow—I love children.—*Richard Mansfield.*

MADISON

Steadiest Growing City in Wisconsin

INDUSTRIALLY

Madison has excellent opportunities and ample building sites at very reasonable prices. Many locations under control of City and Association of Commerce. Power is cheapest in state. Railroad facilities on three railroads with nine lines out of the City. Electric power rate cheapest anywhere in Wisconsin.

COMMERCIALLY

Madison has grown rapidly in the mercantile lines and the wholesale and jobbing interests have expanded to the point where there are now over 40 lines jobbed out of the city.

EDUCATIONALLY

Madison is the first city in the Middle West from an educational standpoint. Excellent schools, musical colleges, the University of Wisconsin and the College of Agriculture. Nearly a Million books for reading and reference are available. Full medical course at the University of Wisconsin. Hospital facilities rivaling Rochester.

CIVICALLY

Madison has many assets which a city much larger than 50,000 might claim with pride. Recreational facilities, lakes, parks, a zoo, drives, summer and winter sports, all go into the making of the civic spirit of Madison.

For Further Information and Booklets Write

MADISON ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

Madison, Wis.

These organizations are co-operating to help make Greater Madison

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Wisconsin Brick Company

The Beavers

Kennedy Dairy Company

General Paper & Supply Company

Wisconsin Drug Company

Commercial National Bank

Paul E. Stark Company

THE ONLY COMMERCIAL ENGINEER IN THE WORLD.

(Continued from page 6)

helpful and sometimes gives general talks on various phases of retail business. Sometimes the merchant is so dissatisfied with his store that he has lost interest in it.

When Saturday night comes and he shakes hands and says goodby, one might think he would be ready for a rest cure, but no! a quiet Sunday, and Monday morning finds him meeting the proprietor of another retail store with another set of troubles and other battles to be won.

Just when everything was flourishing and David Humphrey Foster, Commercial Engineer, had all his time booked for a year ahead, the weatherman took a hand in the business. It was in December, four years ago, that the old fellow on Medicine Hat, or wherever it is the frosty giant resides, puffed out his cheeks and then, pouf! he let go and down over the Middle West swept a never-to-be-forgotten blizzard. That week Mr. Foster was steering the mercantile ship across the prairies of Nebraska. When the storm broke he was in Sargeant, a dreary town at best, the chilliness and dinginess of the hotel only being equalled by the bleakness and bareness of the country round about. The smoky oilstove, the smokier kerosene lamp and the loosely boarded floor admitted drafts of frosty air and afforded none of the comforts of home. For seven long days the storm raged, then the leaden blanket lifted. The first train that pulled out of the wayside station had upon it, needless to say, a very much relieved Commercial Engineer. In the snug security of a modern Omaha Hotel the next night the traveler asked himself "Why"? and his answer came as clear as Poe ever heard it, "Nevermore, nevermore". That night the first "Weekly Service Letter, Better Business" was written. Before he left his room Mr. Foster had composed letters to a number of his former clients asking them how they would like to receive these weekly letters from him which would combine three things: First a talk to the employer on some subject of vital interest to the retail man, second a talk to the employees along the same lines but from their point of view and third, a couple of pages of timely hints for the advertising man. Before he had reached Chicago he had so completely sold the idea to himself that he stopped over and invested $1500 in office appliances with which to begin work. The idea took, as he had faith it would, and customers for his weekly service increased. Just as in the days of personal investigation every suggestion, every idea, came from his own brain, so the weekly letters each had a personal human touch because it was personal, it was human; one man speaking to another in a friendly way. Every letter was chuck full of inspiration. Each line meant what it said, "Better Business". To the original plan other features have been added, not the least of which is a unique collection system which has extracted coin from laggards all over the world and the payment of these ancient debts is unfailingly accompanied by letters in kindliest tones. Never once has one of these collection letters caused offence.

With the advent of the "Better Business" letter Mr. Foster did not give up his field work entirely.

These, with the personal conferences which are steadily growing in number keep me constantly in touch with the retail trade.

"Have you any secret of success?" a business friend asked him not long ago.

"Sure I have", the answer came quick and crisp, "I realize that human nature cannot be remodeled in a week and I do not try to accomplish the impossible. All I try to do is to start them on the right track. Then I believe with Wells, that the ingredients of success are health, judgment, and industry. But my big secret, the one I depend on most and the one to which I owe whatever degree of success I may have won is this—I have always given more than I promised".

With the modesty we have grown to expect from a really, successful man Mr. Foster does not tell of the six hundred stores to whom he has given this "More than he has Promised". They stretch from Key West to Montana and from Yuma, Arizona, to Portland, Maine, in villages of from five hundred people to cities of over 100,000. One of these stores employed only three salespeople and had an annual business of $35,000 but it received the same consideration as another which employed five hundred people and had an annual business of over three million. It is this giving himself altogether to the solving of his problem, whatever the size, that this only Commercial Engineer in the World has found his success.

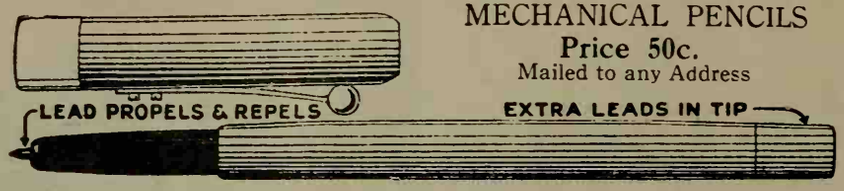
NEWTON'S Oriental Face Powder — A superfine powder of surpassing softness and delicacy of tint. Exquisitely perfumed. Put up in a box of exceptional beauty. This is a masterpiece of the perfumer's art. Especially prepared for dainty, discriminating people who want only the best. Price per box $1.50 postpaid. We are distributors of all NEWTON products. **The Newton Product Co., Box 930, Milwaukee, Wis.**

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

You can dissolve everything in the world, even a great fortune, into atoms. And the fundamental principles which govern the handling of postage stamps and of millions of dollars are exactly the same. They are the common law of business, and the whole practise of commerce is founded on them. They are so simple that a fool can't learn them; so hard that a lazy man won't.

—*Philip D. Armour.*

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Philip James Bailey.*



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Agents Wanted

Janesville

Bids you welcome to investigate the possibilities we have to offer.

When you visit *Janesville* drop in to the Central Cafe for your meals and lunches and we will assist in making your stay enjoyable.

The Quality of our food is Unsurpassed and our Cusine is Excellent. Also the prices reasonable.

We specialize in Steaks, Chops and Merchant Lunches.

CENTRAL CAFE
121 W. Milwaukee Street

Janesville

is located 14 miles from the southern boundary line of Wisconsin in Rock River Valley, in a rich agricultural district.

Janesville is 91 miles from Chicago and 71 miles from Milwaukee. We truck our millwork to Chicago and Milwaukee over Concrete Highways.

BOWER CITY MILLWORK CO.
JANESVILLE, WIS.

EARTH'S THOUSAND TRIBES

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's tribes.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

EARLY WISCONSIN INDIANS.

WHO were the first inhabitants of Wisconsin? The numerous Indian mounds in the southern and western parts of the state have revealed the relics of an extinct race whose civilization was very highly developed but about which we have no knowledge. An examination of the trees found growing on the mounds proves that this extinct race roved the plains of the state at least 500 years ago.

Indian tradition places the Dakota or Sioux as the earliest known inhabitants of the state. It is said that when Nicolet visited Wisconsin in 1639 he found the Sioux Indians desperately attempting to hold their hunting grounds against invasions by the Pottawottamies and the Hurons.

As early as 1600, the Ojibwas the chief nation of the Algonquin race, known in Wisconsin as the Chippewas, began migrating from Canada into what is now the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. By 1668 they had temporarily established themselves at the head-waters of the St. Croix, Chippewa, and Wisconsin rivers only to be driven back into the peninsula in 1670. It was not until 1726 that the Chippewas firmly established themselves within state boundaries by settling at La Pointe on Lake Superior.

Next to settle in the state were the Winnebagoes who, according to Indian tradition, migrated from Mexico about 1630 on the approach of the Spaniards. In 1639 a few scattered tribes were found living near Green Bay, but when Jonathan Carver visited Wisconsin in 1766, he found them firmly established on the Fox River and Lake Winnebago.

Then came the Foxes, another band of the Algonquin race, who are believed to have settled on the Fox River near Green Bay in 1686. As a consequence of the French expedition led against them in 1714, they were so nearly annihilated that when the Sauk Indians, driven from the vicinity of Quebec in 1759 by the British, migrated to Wisconsin, they immediately entered into an alliance for protection.

With the exception of the Menomonee Indians, these five tribes were the principal Indian tribes to inhabit the state before the arrival of the white pioneer.

Janesville Spells Home

(Continued from page 11)

Commerce with its 600 members is a great quasi public body constantly doing those things which are helpful to the city.

Commercially the city maintains a new position with improvement each year. Numbers of smaller factories spring up and grow steadily in business. Railroads provide almost unequalled facilities for shipping. Passenger service to every point has made Janesville a center for much of the rail transportation of this section. Here is an important rail center with division changes necessitating large crews of men at all times. Shops and round houses make employment for more men. Janesville has given to the United States some of their best railroad officials, after being schooled from the local yards.

Janesville, second in the state to adopt the manager form of the city government, is going forward fast now. The last year has seen nine and a half miles of paving placed on the streets and another program arranged for the coming year. Its Riverside Park and Municipal Golf course, completed in 1924, are evidences of progress.

Set in its bower of trees, Janesville has maintained and answered the hope in the breast of the earliest settlers, — that it would be a city where "home" meant more than all else. Its percentage of illiteracy is so small as to be negligible. Its solidity in finance is known far and near. It still has the Scotch thrift and caution, being sure of its ground before taking many steps.

Janesville has no city limits so far as its relations with outside and contiguous territory is concerned. There is no city and country problem. That has been solved and boundaries except for administrative purposes have been abandoned. There is full realization that the interest of the farmer are the interests of the resident within the city. Rock county has joined in a family of interdependent action. So it has come about that each day finds this whole unit of government—the county,—a community of interest, considerate of the rights of others and of the entire body politic.

The biggest unit is what was visioned when the two pioneers, soldiers of Gen. Atkinson, looked over the land along Rock river and the panorama spread before them from every hill top and saw here the ideal spot for the building of home.

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WISCONSIN'S RIVEL HOUSE

(Continued from page 14)

Roys, the Tanks left no family to inherit their home.

As in Prairie du Chien the encroaching industries crowded upon the early residence districts and eventually the Porlier-house became the property of a lumber company. Realizing the value to posterity of these land, marks the Green Bay Historical Society purchased the house and moved it to a permanent location in Union Park. While the original garden is blocks away, the Committee have laid out an old fashioned garden of bergamot and balsam and forget-me-nots in keeping with the house and the time in which it was built. Besides the house itself, which has been restored, rather than remodeled, has been completely furnished with mahogany and walnut furniture, pewter and old glass gathered from the survivors of Green Bay's early families. As a museum this house has now been thrown open to the public and an increasing number of tourists visit it each year.

Thus Wisconsin has two oldest houses, each deserving the honor, for one is frame and one is stone. Each is the best type of its kind and each is in a state of preservation which presages the existence of their rivalry for many years to come.

TRUTH IS SAFE.

All truth is safe and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both.

—Max Muller.

HOW BLACK EAGLE MET DEATH.

ALTHOUGH the "pale-face" may know how to live, the Indian certainly knows how to die. It is extremely rare to find an Indian not true to his conscience and his convictions. Whatever his doom, he meets it unflinchingly. There is a common Indian legend which tells us of the supreme valour of an aged Sioux chief named "The Black Eagle".

In a war between the Sioux and the Chippewa Indians three thousand Sioux were captured between the Nemadji and the St. Louis rivers, where Superior now stands, by the Chippewas and put to death. Torture abounded without end, many Chippewa warriors wearing trophies of Sioux flesh for a whole moon after.

The last of the men to be tortured to death was Chief Black Eagle. Knowing that his turn had come, he seated himself on a log with his back against a tree and began to paint his face with colored clay. All the while he chanted his tribal death song. It was evening. The woods were lighted only by the camp-fires of his enemy. Soon the enemy began to congregate. Lifting aloft fiery splinters, they commenced a death dance about Black Eagle. The nearer they approached the louder and more fearless grew Black Eagle's song. The flourish of Tomahawks and scalping knives, and the fiendish yelling of his captors apparently had no effect upon him; his face showed no signs of pain or fear.

Finally, they seized the tuft of hair on his head and tore away his scalp. Next his eyes were put out. They then began shooting poisoned arrows and throwing splinters at him so as to cut his ears, neck, and breast. This "sport" continued until midnight, and until midnight the weird death-chant of the noble, old warrior continued to reecho through the gloomy pine forest. At last, disfigured and cut so as to be almost unrecognizable, torn and reeking with blood, weakened suffering, the chief was dispatched by the master of ceremonies.